# 聖剣使いの禁呪詠唱

6

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聖剣使いの禁呪詠唱

The Swordbringer comes back.

GA文庫

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# Illustrations

# 聖剣使いの禁呪詠唱

6

The Swordbringer comes back.

夜這いに来てくれたのでしょう？
静乃の寝室で二人きり!?
真夜中の作戦会議とは……。

「きっと、泣きたくなるほど辛いわよ？」
「でもこうして慰め合える」
「なのに、人前で絶対に泣けないのよ？」
「俺はおまえの隣だけで、おまえは俺の隣だけで泣けばいい」
「あたし……取り返しがつかないくらい……
兄様のことを愛してしまうよ？」

ぐ……
あああああああああっ
その刃は天の玉座へ至る。
いざ、聖剣サラティガ覚醒!!

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A stern soul that can cut off almost everything
Is not allowed to even wish for connections and relationships?

# Prologue

Haimura Moroha was dreaming.

People and people and people filled the streets of the royal capital.
All of them were dressed in heavy armor and held massive weapons.
A battle formation and armament as if going to kill a dragon.
They let their high spirit smeared with hysteric bloodlust come out like a cornered rat.
The Flaga in that dream was basked in that bloodlust and high spirit.
*TN: During all this dream, Flaga is the furigana reading for Moroha.
He shouted to that bloodlust and high spirit with an angry voice loaded with vigor several times as large as those.
**– Move out of the way!**
The *prana* that dwelled in his breath immediately led to a storm.
*TN: Prana is the furigana reading for “the power that leads to god”.
The heavy armored soldiers stood firm while trembling.
Flaga, the only horseman, and the one who broke the battle formation with just his voice, launched an attack.
His empty hands didn’t even wear a short blade.
His partner, the holy sword Saratiga, wasn’t here now.
However, Flaga’s fist wore *prana* that resembled a wild white flame and knocked down the soldiers with palm hits.
Exactly one hit was needed to defeat an opponent.
When he hit them very hard from top of their helmets, the men in heavy armor flew like they were nothing.
A blow, then another blow, each time there was an impact, a white light glittered brilliantly.
However, nobody was fascinated by its beauty.
The warriors were terrified in front of Flaga who distorted his expression like he was very angry.
– Move out of the way if you don’t want to die! Give Sarasha back!
They listened to their voice and froze.
The top soldiers of the former allied army were no different from small fries in front of Flaga, the impersonation of anger.
In the middle of that——

– Shut up! You’re the one who’ll die!
The swordsmen who had the most noticeable spirit sprung at him with a momentum that scattered their allies.
Their number was four.
These strong men were known as “mighty warriors” in each of the four kingdoms.
They emitted a dazzling *prana* that didn’t differ from its name, surrounded Flaga and slashed at him from all directions.
– Why!? What did I do!?
Flaga looked widely and asked in anger as he saw all the trajectory of the swords and the movements of all four of them.
But the four swords ignored him and approached, raising a buzz.
A perfect encirclement cooperation. As one would expect, the swordsmen who heard that sound. Didn’t even give him a pause to avoid them.
– You’re too strong!
– You’re way too righteous!
– Nobody feels alive in front of you!
– Your righteousness is nothing but an enemy to the world at this point!
All the four swords that were swung downward together with a war cry were driven into Flaga’s body——
They raised a dull sound and **fell silent**.
Flaga’s body had not even a single cut.
The *prana* that Flaga was clad in, the thing itself was a sturdy and indestructible armor.
A white flame protection.
– Y-you’re a monster…
The faces of the four swordsmen were distorted in fear.
– You babble that, but what about you!?
Flaga swung his fist in anger and mowed them down.
The four heroes who were a match for thousands were blown away all at once.
The heroes in front of Flaga were powerless, **just like** ordinary soldiers.
– You use every little bit of what can be used from Sarasha and me and once you’re done with us, you’ll discard us——aren’t you embarrassed? Your heart doesn’t hurt? And still… you’re the humans here!?
Flaga hit the ground without calming down his fury.
The ground surrounding him sunk in an instant, an earthquake was generated because of that and the soldiers fell into panic.
Flaga clenched his teeth while being in the same posture he struck the ground.
He was enduring it.
This violent emotion that felt like it burned his chest—— and the pain that tormented his whole body.
His body jarred every time he swung his fist.
The flesh, muscles and joints complained of pain.

An overused body that kept fighting practically alone for decades until it destroyed the empire.
He didn’t have physical trauma. His body preserved its youth as if he were a young man thanks to being full of *prana*.
But his core was riddled with wounds.
If it was true, then he forcibly moved with overflowing *prana* while being unable to stand on his own.
Yes, Flaga was a half-dead man who was only alive thanks to his *prana*.
If it wasn’t for his *prana*, then he wouldn’t be able to live every day, though he was forced to wear *prana* all the time——
As a result, he became more and more polished and endlessly stronger.
And transformed Flaga into a monster even more.
When he shouted in anger, it became a storm, and when he made his fist strike something, it became an earthquake.
Evidently, he was a natural calamity in the form of a person.
The soldiers who saw his slim figure were more and more afraid of him, then held their spears at the ready, forming a line like a hedgehog and expressed unanimously.
– What a monster…
In the past, they acclaimed and praised highly the extraordinary hero named Flaga, but now they audaciously spoke ill of him.
A shamelessness they couldn’t be saved from.
– … Alright. You win. If you’re the “human beings”, then I don’t mind being a monster.
Flaga raised up slowly as he endured the pain that felt like it jarred his body.
– I figure you can understand this monster. So, I’ll say it in an easy-to-understand way. … Return Sarasha. We just want to live peacefully!
He stared fixedly at those who obstructed his path in the street full of people.
But, no person replied.
No person yielded.
They just pointed their grasped spears to him with a face full of hostility and fear.
– …You aren’t even going to allow such a modest wish… to this monster, are you?
His shoulders became incredibly heavy with despondency and helplessness.
Flaga looked up to the heavens.
And asked to the metaphysical existence that was said to be over there.
– Wha…? The sweat I perspired and the blood I vomited were for nothing? How not being rewarded is a natural thing? The ones who wish for it are fools then? Such is the life of a person after all? If one dies, it’s the end of a worthless thing?
But there was no reply.
Since the dawn of history, God have never answered people.*

*TN: God is the furigana reading for heaven.
– … That also works for me.
The answer was decided by himself.
He didn’t need **anything** except his beloved younger sister.
If it was for the sake of getting his beloved younger sister back, it didn’t matter what happened to **everything**.
– I’ll… never forgive… those who…… steal from me!!
Flaga’s lion’s roar echoed in the world.
Together with that, *prana* blew violently from his whole body.
With a dazzling brightness that one wondered if there was something above a light’s majesty, a God’s majesty of that degree.
Yes. Flaga now was unmistakably an evil god.
A fierce god that made the power of Flaga sublimate to *Ars Magna* rampage with emotion if the holy sword Saratiga was in his hand.*
*TN: Ars Magna is the furigana reading for true mysterious power.
Several tens, hundreds of cracks ran around Flaga in an instant.
What kind of mystery was this? Cuts were made in the empty sky all of a sudden.
The world itself was chopped up.
Naturally, humans and so forth didn’t stand a chance.
They were swallowed up by the thousands to tens of thousands of scattered cuts that were born, and then torn apart, raising sprays of blood.
It wasn’t an act that people could do, and it wasn’t a deed that could be endured by people’s hearts.
But that was of no concern to Flaga.
His eyes only saw Sarasha who was captured in the royal castle on the horizon.
He walked, proudly throwing out his chest in the bloody path where the bodies of 5 people were scattered.
Since they said they wouldn’t return his beloved younger sister——then this insignificant world could just go to hell!

The dream of Flaga was interrupted right there and Moroha awakened.

The sensation of Flaga together with the fading sleepiness rapidly became distant.
Nevertheless, his heart continued sounding like an alarm bell.
He seemed to be drenched with unwanted sweat.
He opened his eyelids as if bursting them open so as to not leave room to savor the slumber’s aftertaste.
Satsuki’s face——was in front of him.
A dazzling smile like the sun. It was reflected in the retina of Moroha along with the blue sky.

Moroha extended his hand without hesitation and stroked her cheek.
It was soft, and more than anything, its warmth was pleasant.
It wasn't an illusion. His beloved younger sister was certainly next to him.
Satsuki spilled an even bigger smile as he kept stroking her cheek.
– What's wrong, Nii-sama? Did you have a scary dream?
*It's alright*, she stroked his chest back.
Her palm was also soft and warm, it felt great.
The sound of his heart that sounded like it went frenzy slowly regained calmness.
Moroha was finally relieved.
– Yeah. I had a terrible dream.
He closed his eyes for a moment and put his breathing in order.
Having done that, he noticed that a soft sensation was touching the back of his head.
*I'm facing up because my head is on Satsuki's lap, huh? He could understand so now.*
While he was at it, he remembered. That he took a nap after he ate a meal on the lawn of the courtyard.
– What kind of dream?
– A dream in which you… Sarasha had been kidnapped and taken prisoner in a castle.
– Ahaha, are you kidding? That's really a teeerrible dream! In any case, it'd have been great if you have had a sweeter dream since I appeared in it.
Moroha blinked, looking at Satsuki who burst into a foolish laughter.
– Is that something to laugh about? You were caught, you know?
– Ufufu, thank you for worrying about me. But, why wouldn't I laugh? That's not a memory of our previous life, just a real dream.
– Is… that so?
– Because I was never kidnapped by somebody in my previous life.
– But assuming you're not biased as me, the memories of our previous life that we can recall are full of holes, aren't they?
She thought for a moment and understood.
Satsuki had only lived for 15 years, so reliving all the memories of her previous life in which she lived for decades while sleeping at night as dreams was, time-wise speaking, impossible.
– Thaaat maaay beee.
– You said it before, right? I finally defeated the bad emperor in the end. So what came next? What happened to you and me?
– We lived happily in a peaceful world, you know? And together, of course!
– Forever?
– I-I'd love to say that…. I had a dream that felt like we lived calmly for at least two years…. I haven't seen anything after that…
After Satsuki showed a pondering gesture,
– J-jeez! Don't go saying strange things! It's giving me the creeps.

She tap him over and over as if being playful with the hand that stroked his chest.
– S-sorry. I won’t do it again.
Moroha made a “time out” gesture with the hand that stroked Satsuki’s cheek.
– Okay. I forgive you. Anyway, let’s forget about that. There’s no point in worrying about it.
– …That’s what you think?
– That’s what I think. I mean, try thinking about it, okay?
Satsuki raised a finger and said proudly, looking happy.
– **I’m here and Moroha’s with me now**. Isn’t that the most important thing?
Moroha, who listened to her, smiled broadly.
– Certainly. It’s as Satsuki says.
All the worries in his chest cleared all of a sudden as if basking in the spring sunlight.
– Case closed, then?
– Yeah, case closed.
Moroha extended his hand again and stroked Satsuki’s well-shaped cheek.
And his other hand was——
– “Case closed?”
Suddenly and violently grabbed and pulled.
It was forced to touch a soft sensation.
Moroha became startled, looking at that person.
The one who sprawled and faced him, using Moroha’s legs as a substitute for a pillow was——Shizuno.
A small dimple appeared near her mouth as she made him stroke her cheek forcibly.
That was the true identity of the soft sensation.
– Are you disappointed that it’s not my breast?
– No, I’m not.
While Moroha had a sour look,
– Don’t surprise us. I mean, tell us that you’re here.
He was a bit embarrassed and his face was a bit red because his talk with Satsuki was seen by her.

– But I was here. We had lunch together not long ago.
– Have you been told that listening while holding your breath is mean?
– Well, I did it because I wanted to do this a bit more.
Shizuno closed her somewhat spellbound eyes and rubbed her cheek against Moroha’s leg.
– How did I get to be like this after we had lunch together?
– Moroha’s hopeless, you know? You said that you were a little sleepy and with that, you exposed your defenseless self.
– We decided to discuss who would give a lap pillow to Moroha and who would lay her head on Moroha’s lap.
– So you get on good terms only at times like these…
– Yes. If we had made a pointless fuss, you would have woken up and we would have lost our chance.
– That’s right! No quarrel came to fruition, fuo□ fuoo fuoo fuoo.
It’d be great if it was always like this.
– Well, in any case. I had no reason to pay attention to your conversation, so worry not, you hear me?
Shizuno swiftly turned her tone of voice into an unkind one as she brought her cheek near to his leg,
– I’m not interested in the conversation of your previous life.
– Are you making fun of our epic and magnificent love poem!?
– Don’t quarrel as soon as you say so.
Moroha calmed them by stroking the stiffened-in-anger cheeks of Satsuki and the cheek of Shizuno that showed a dimple again.
– Which of our cheeks feel more comfortable, mine or Ranjou-san’s?
– Obviously mine, right!?
– I’m teellliiing youuu, don’t start a pointless competence. It’s hard to tell which of the two is better.
Moroha told them his honest impression, but that didn’t satisfy the two girls.
– Hmmm. You made it, Urushibara. This I now can recognize you as my rival!
– Ara? Shall we get ready for the next match then?
– Fine by me! What’s the next match? Hair? Nape? Collarbone? I have confidence in myself, you know?
– Let’s go for a blunter match instead of these mild body parts, shall we?
– I was hoping for that! Let’s have a fair and square match!
– Then, which of our boobs feel better?
– You’re so dirty, Urushibaraaaaaa!
– Ara, why am I dirty? Can you explain it to us?
– Gnuuu…
– So, Moroha? Can I ask for your decision?
– I won’t go along with this nonsensical match.

– Whaaaaaaaaaat do you mean with nonsensical!? Even Moroha thinks that this is a match I stand no chance!?
– What's with that misinterpretation…?
– I've heard that Moroha is a "jiggle lover". I misunderstood you. If you like boobs so much, then you should marry the one who has bigger boobs **cries**.
– Come on, don't cry and listen to me properly…
– I haven't said anything until now, but the truth is that I'm the one with the bigger boobs. So, shall we get married?
– Uwaaaaaaaa.
– Don't add fuel to the fire, Shizuno. Stop playing with her.
– But there's no man who doesn't like boobs, am I right?
– ……. Who knows?
– Moroha, you bakaaaaaa!
– I-it can't be helped, you know? It's our instinct.
– Then I'll reward Moroha for his honesty.
– I humbly decline.
Shizuno tried to pull the hand that she grabbed to her rich reward, but Moroha resisted.
*TN: Reward is the furigana reading for breasts.
Satsuki wriggled, and moved violently while crying aloud, this uncomfortable sleeping sensation was the worse of them all.*
*TN: Satsuki is the furigana reading for pillow.
He had a headache when he tried to think about how to dodge Shizuno's mischief and how to calm Satsuki.
– I woke up from a dream into a nightmare…?
He became dejected and grumbled.
A blueness that felt like it pierced highly and highly through the somewhat transparent clear autumn sky as his eyes looked up at it.
The slightly chilly wind, the sunlight that rained incessantly and the lawn that embraced the weather were very pleasant.
If he strained his ears, he could hear the lively voices of the students. The school festival was almost here, the school grounds became particularly lively recently.
Satsuki and Shizuno, who leisurely stared at the sky, noticed Moroha's gaze.
He became submissive and began to bask in the sun with them.
The words suddenly died, but they had the feeling he was very happy.
The calendar was early October.
More than 10 days have passed since Moroha made his triumphal return from Russian lands.
And yet, he could fully enjoy harmony as if those painful days of war were a lie.
Certainly, Japan was nice. Akane Academy was nice.

He could feel that this place where Satsuki and Shizuno were was the place where he belonged to.

There was a man who looked down at Moroha and the others who basked in the sun in the courtyard.
He was in his mid-twenties.
He stood on the off-limits school roof, his appearance clad in a sword-like atmosphere was like a black stain that fell into the peaceful academy.
Black hair. Black suit. Black necktie. And on top of that, he wore black leather gloves.
Only the color of his eyes that glared at Moroha was blue.
Two large and small sabers were put on his waist.
「I don't get this guy. Women serves him from sunrise until sunset and exposes a stupid face. While one believes so, he rages, invades Russia and destroys the Empire. Which one is your real nature, you seventh person?」
The man who tapped his foot in irritation and clicked his tongue many times.
His name was Charles Saint-Germain.
The French Division Head of the White Knight Organization.
"Paris Saint-Germain (PSG)". "The legitimate heretic magician". "The magician of the Eiffel Tower". "Les rouge et le blue".
*TN: The last one is the furigana reading for "Red and blue magician".
A remarkable *Dark Savior* with a lot of battle experience and who had numerous aliases.
Why was such a man in Japan? If someone who knew his face were to see him, they probably would be unable to stand up due to fear.
Charles quietly kept glaring at Moroha with eyes of a scholar who was driven by the spirit of enquiry or with eyes of an investigator who tormented himself in solitude.
「The key of the prophecy. The guidance that shows me the way to where Flavie is ——」
He had something to pursue.
He vowed to recover the happiness of the old days and his beloved one.
That was why he came to this country.
「——so please, don't disappoint me, alright, seventh person?」
The restless Charles, who just confirmed his target for a brief space of time, flew away from that place.

# Chapter 1: The scene of Strikers

Private Akane Academy was different from ordinary schools.
Moroha actually felt that after a long time.
After school. *Strikers*' special practice.
The gathered members and reserve members shouted loudly and cheered; a hot whirlpool rose up to the high ceiling of the third martial arts stadium.
There were two girls at the center of the turmoil.
One of those two brushed up her side tail and declared, getting cocky.
– The special training, the special training has us stressed! When everyone should be excited and hyped about the school festival!
Ranjou Satsuki claimed so with a loud voice.
Cheers and applause came from the team members who were around her.
Among them, Sophia Mertesacker, a blonde girl with dark skin (and with a height of 190 centimeters), was particularly enthusiastic.
– I agree! For us, it's about hoping to make memories of our last school festival!
There were many other supporters who were third years like Sophia.
Moroha also joined the group and gave applause to Satsuki.
– I have received the intense feelings of everyone!
Satsuki, who received their support, threw out her chest more and more and stared fixedly at a person.
The one she stared at was a boyish second year senpai, her name was Momochi Haruka.
– I agree with "It has stressed" though? But what about *Strikers* running a coffee shop? Preparations and what not are quite a pain, aren't they? Won't we be getting really stressed because of that?
She didn't raise her voice, but she clearly disagreed with Satsuki's opinion.
"Yeah, that's right" and so on were raised by the members who surrounded her.
The loudest among them, who spun there like a freak——rather, like a young nobleman on ice, was Kammie-senpai.
– Not me! In my class, it was decided that I'd do the leading role of a super incredible play! When it comes to a big actor like me, making me hold a simple and boring heavy labor like a coffee shop is a big NO THANKS! Do I provide you with special seats for my drama? Hmm?

Another person, the demon vice-captain Kanzaki Tokiko, said oppressively with her arms folded.
– I decided to spend my time flirting with Haimura during this school festival. Don't get in my way, you lass!
As usual, those two had lots of things that could be retorted about, but those were accepted now.
The group that was busy with their class performance, the group that already had plans with their lovers and the group that simply tended to find most things bothersome unanimously shouted objections.
– That's why, Satsuki. Be reasonable! If you want to do a coffee shop that much, why don't you suggest it in your class?
Haruka plainly told her despite looking apologetic while being supported by the voices of the opposing group.
However, Satsuki shook her head to the left and right violently.
She raised her voice much more and further insisted on the legitimacy of her own opinion.
– I refuse! I don't have friends in my class!
– Ugh…. You haven't been able to have friends yet? It's half of the second semester already.
Haruka showed a wry smile mixed with cold sweat.
– But I'm on good terms with every one of *Strikers!* That's why I want to do it with these members!
– It's not like I don't understand your feelings, but…
Did she have a pain in her chest? Was it out of compassion? Haruka's tone of voice became weaker,
– Why are you faltering!?
Tokiko spanked her together with a threatening shout.
An almost delightful and high-pitched spanking sound resonated, the face of Haruka dyed with bashfulness.
– W-what are you doing so suddenly, senpai!?
– It's a whip of love to beat your tepid determination into shape.
– I didn't feel love at all!
– Hou. Are you saying you don't understand your senpai's heart who's worried about you?
Tokiko made her eyes shine with a flash behind her small glasses.
– Listen. What'll happen if you give that coffee shop a try? You'll fall into an awkward situation in which you'll expose a disgraceful behavior that you won't be able to cook anything in front of your beloved Haimura, am I right?
– Gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa, why are you bring that up so suddenlyyyyyyy?
– Why? I'm just making you remember your original intention about why you're against it. This is what a senpai heart means.
– You're lying, lying, lying! That's an absolute lieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!
Haruka reddened up to the forehead and jumped lightly and repeatedly.
Tokiko was annoyed as if looking down on her,
– What a troublesome girl.

– No matter how I look at it, senpai is the troublesome person here!
– Internal discord isn't accepted, girls! If you bother to quarrel like the goop in the eye laughing at the snot in the nose, then you'll be beyond salvation and the discussion won't advance.
Kamekichi forced his way through between Haruka and Tokiko with a moon walk,
□□The most troublesome guy says so!?□□
He received an iron fist from the left and right.
The writhing-in-pain Kamekichi was at the feet of the angered Tokiko and Haruka. When they should be glad that he mediated normally.
– But Kammie-senpai's words are true. Let's continue the discussion promptly.
*Ahem*——A deep and strong cough was heard.
The clamored team members fell completely silent all at once as if suddenly becoming quiet.
The one who was in front of their eyes and who simultaneously gathered everyone's attention was the captain Isurugi Jin.
There were very few neutral groups that didn't care if they ran a coffee shop or not.
Taketsuru Uisuke, who was one of them, showed a refreshing smile and,
– In the end, this won't stop even if we discuss it. Momochi and Ranjou will settle it right here.
He winked like a good-looking guy.
As soon as that happened, Satsuki and Haruka fixedly stared at each other.
– Let' have a fair and square match, Momo-senpai!
– I agree, with no hard feelings.
They confronted each other again and gave off sparks with their gazes.
The rest of the people, who left the arena to Isurugi and the two who glared at each other, moved to the observation seats in a crowd.
Because they were in the way.
Of Satsuki and Haruka's one-on-one match.
Moroha turned his head to the arena many times as he walked blended with the flow of people.
(This school is terrible for trying to decide things with a sword and not with lottery or majority vote, huh…)
He sat down as he complained in his mind.
Next to him was Urushibara Shizuno who showed little to no interest and who had opened a small-format paperback book in the observation seat a long time ago.
– Why the long face?
Shizuno closed the small-format paperback book and asked with a blank look on her face.
– Well, they're going to have a duel, but I don't know who I should support.
– Ara, I thought you'd naturally support Ranjou-san.
– When it comes to battle, both are important companions.

– Hmm…. When it comes to battle, you say? Correction, that's the common way of thinking of Moroha.
Shizuno had a sudden transformation and turned her inquisitive eyes to the two people in the arena,
– As their master, which of your apprentices will win?
– I'm not their master or anything like that. I'm just frequently going along with their personal special training.
– If so, then who do you think will win?
– I don't know. I really don't.
– I see. But I do know?
– Shizuno? Hee, I want to hear that.
– Okay then, lend me your ear.
Moroha's curiosity suddenly welled up, but he looked sullen after he heard Shizuno's prediction that was whispered into his ear.
– Is that your answer?
– Yes, it is. I'm looking forward to the results.
Moroha, with his face still sullen, turned about to the front just like Shizuno had indicated.
The arena and its surroundings were getting more and more excited, wrapped in a wild enthusiastic mood.
– Satsukiii! Don't think of anything complicated! Aim for a simple way of fighting. Stand firm and try to not let Haruka's speed toy with you!
Sophia, who was in the front-row seats of the observation seats, gave advice to her like a trainer.
– Please leeaavee iit too mee! See how my speed fighter countermeasures are perfect!
Satsuki replied with a pose, turning her right hand around and then made a somewhat smallish double-edged sword manifest.
– I'll show you how perfect my countermeasures are.
Haruka made a small suitable-for-thrusting sword manifest while wearing a fearless smile.
Tokiko and Kamekichi shouted in the front-row seats after that.
– What happens when a kouhai defies a senpai? That'll have to be engraved on Ranjou's body with disgrace!
– **Gihihihihihi**, there's no reason for a regular member to lose against a reserve member! Isn't this settled before it started?
These ones were more of a jeerer than a trainer.
And those where the lowest.
Haruka replied without omission even though she ignored them.
– If you fight with such a naïve thinking, then you'll trip up. The rapid growth of Satsuki in the last days isn't impressive. I intend to fight as if you were one of my rank.
Her fearless smile was still there, but Haruka didn't show even the least of carelessness.
A light of *prana* from her whole body rose up and swayed like a blue flame.

A nice brilliance that made one infer the improvement of her willpower.
(As expected of Momo-senpai)
Moroha was happy that a person as stoic as her listened to his words and devoted herself to becoming stronger.
And, as for Satsuki, it seemed she was pleased about the frank impression of Momo-senpai,
– Fuo□□□h fuoh fuoh fuoh fuoh fuoh fuoh! It's true that smart people can understand! This is evidence that Momo-senpai is a strong warrior, and that in itself is something I can correctly grasp with my true strength.
She laughed in ecstasy and louder than usual.
However, when Isurugi, who remained in the arena as the referee, raised his right hand and signaled□get ready□, she focused her mind and put a face of a brave challenger.
The body of Satsuki wore gold *prana* from corner to corner.
Just a dazzling and perfectly clear brilliance.
Moroha stared at it, closing his eyes partly.

In the body of a *Shirogane*, there were 7 gates to pump *prana* out.
Until the very last month, Satsuki was only capable of opening 6 of them when she was in a good condition, but she was finally able to open all 7 of them unrestrictedly and got the hang of them while Moroha went to Russia.
Now, the *prana* that Satsuki was clad in could be felt even when she had the appearance of being calm.
As of October, she was the only person among the first years who succeeded in opening 5 gates. Although it was considered that the□foundation is completed□only after one is capable of opening the 7 gates freely, which was usually said to take one year normally.
7 months have passed since Satsuki enrolled. She had been practicing for 2 months before that, so 9 months in total.
It could be said that her growth rate was exceedingly superior.
Moreover, the fierceness of Satsuki these days wasn't going to be satisfied with that much.
(Your talent has finally begun to bloom…)
At the end of the point the deeply moved Moroha stared at——
The sword of Satsuki in her right hand also wore a golden brilliance.
*Ancestral Arts' Light Technique Venus.*
Classified as one of the 5 star techniques, it sharply increased the destructive power of a weapon.
If opening the 7 gates was the□foundation□, then the learning of the 5 star techniques was the□application□.
It was said that it took two years normally.
Those who could use it by the ninth month of enrollment were less than ten in the history of Akane Academy.
This wasn't about a "superior category", but an exceptional growth rate.

– Start!
Isurugi swung his right hand downward and the match between Satsuki and Haruka began. Haruka was the one to move first.
She continued doing small and repeated jumps as she took distance of a little more than 10 meters.
No sooner than she moved vertically, taking a satisfying rhythm with a tap——she appeared before Satsuki's eyes with a horizontal leap and all of a sudden.
From the point of view of Haruka, the fastest within the school, a distance of this degree wasn't the same.
Furthermore, she shortened the distance by accelerating to the top speed in an instant. A tremendous difference in pace that made the viewer have a hallucination that the figure of Haruka was still jumping there.
One of the seven derived techniques of *Godlike Movement*, the way of walking that creates afterimages, *Giant Gate*.
The eyes of Satsuki were still clearly seeing Haruka's afterimages.
Even though the real body before her eyes had launched a thrust, Satsuki stood upright.
(Yes, since Momo-senpai is proud of her footing, then acting first and surprising the opponent is always important)
Moroha gave her that advice before.
– Yaaah!
Haruka hit her with the small sword together with a short and sharp spirit.
She was after Satsuki's chest. Although any fatal wound would be cancelled if she were to go outside of the martial arts stadium's barrier, it was an unrelenting blow. Without going easy on her just as she had declared.
She also used the Light Technique *Venus*. The sword blade that housed Haruka's *prana* was similar to blue lightning.
The sharp point of the sword hit Satsuki's chest directly ….

**Clang*!!*

It was repelled as if it hit an iron wall.
– You kidding meeeee!?
Even though she was in the middle of a battle, Momo-senpai opened her eyes wide and raised a voice in disarray.
Satsuki smug at her and shifted to counterattack, holding her sword aloft.
– Fuo□□□h fuoh fuoh fuoh! Did you se it? That's Sophie-senpai style's boob defense!
A *compact form* with good power. The high-speed diagonal slash from the shoulder cut Haruka off.
– I felt like I hit an iron wall or something like that.
Haruka pretended in being cut off and evacuated backwards, leaving only an afterimage.
– Iron wall? You felt a "boing" like the ones of Sophie-senpai, didn't you!?

Satsuki bent her legs like a spring and charged like a cannonball, exchanging her physical strength for linear speed.
– It certainly felt like a clank!
Haruka forestalled after she saw Satsuki's preliminary action and countered with a high-speed maneuver without a preliminary action.
– My boobs shouldn't be that hard!
Satsuki adopted a stance, calming down where she was the moment she lost sight of Haruka.
– An impregnable cliff…
Haruka hit Satsuki's back with the sword, but she grimaced as it was repelled again.
– Kh, they're still bigger than Momo-senpai's!
Satsuki relied fully on the power she was proud of and released a back diagonal slash that created a whirlwind.
– S-shut up. That doesn't matter now, you baka, baka!
Haruka jumped greatly into the air without frontal impulse, lightly jumped over Satsuki's head and slash as if mocking her, rotated once in the air and landed without making a sound.
The two girls showed a high-level offense and defense as they cursed each other with low-level insults, they made the team members who watched the game get greatly excited.
(Yup, both of them are doing well, as expected of their everyday special training)
Even Moroha felt good seeing them.

Haruka excelled in speed and was able to manage a phantasmagoric way of walking with expertise of *Godlike Movement*, but she had the bad habit of willingly attacking way too much.
Certainly, if she was faster than her opponent, she had the tendency to seize the initiative by keeping up the attacks; one could say that the means of making sport of the opponent with a way of walking and speed was effective.
However, just taking the very lead wasn't a practical use of speed.
If she surpassed her opponent in speed, then she could do a counter while keeping her leeway.
The more she overwhelmed her with speed, the more the room she had, the choices of countermeasures expanded; in the end, she defended against the things the opponent wanted to do with a feeling like waiting to see her opponent's movement, she reached a point she was able to counterattack.
Moroha explained how strong this was and gave her advice about how to learn it.
She obviously didn't master it at first. Haruka had a complex regarding her powerlessness and lack of attack power, so she voluntarily didn't attack first, she was uneasy about it.

But now, as he could see, it was possible for her to judge when to attack first or when to counterattack, this was the result of her every day's efforts.
– Hey, Satsuki?
Haruka, who jumped over the back diagonal slash, got out of her sword range immediately after she landed and recovered her breathing.
– What, was that trick?
She thrust her twice with her sword but suspected she would be repelled by Satsuki's body again, so she glared at her as if appraising her.
As for the flow of the battle, Moroha gave his most deep down praise to Haruka who could persevere in it, being able to be cautious after a brief pause.
– Fuoh fuo□n. I just guarded myself with *High Durability*?
– I lack power and you're tough, yes, but there's no way you can defend against *Venus* with *High Durability*.
It was natural for Haruka to not be convinced.
It was also contrary to the principle of *Ancestral Arts*「□Easy to attack, hard to defend□.
– Fuoh fuo□n. It's not an ordinary *High Durability*, you know? It's Nii-sama's secret super *High Durability*.
– What's that!? Will you teach me that too!?
Even though they were in the middle of a fight, Haruka looked at Moroha spontaneously.
The gazes of the other team members concentrated on him all at once.
Only Sophia said□He already taught it to me□proudly.
– Well… I'll teach it to you later. You're in a match now.
Moroha showed a wry smile as he scratched his head.
Satsuki and Haruka suddenly realized so and held their swords at the ready again, glaring at each other.
Moroha, who still had that wry smile,
– It's really not that much of a deal, and she'll just be stumped if she expects too much from it…
He complained in a low voice that only Shizuno could hear.
– No matter how much time passes, you're a person who doesn't get used to being an S-Rank, aren't you? But, I like that.
– Don't tease me…
Moroha was overwhelmed by Shizuno who massaged his knee as if caressing him, encouraging him and comforting him.

However, the reality was that the Light Technique trick that Satsuki used didn't amount to much.
There were two advanced techniques regarding *High Durability* that hardened one's body.
One was *Sun*: It concentrated *prana* on a single part of the body and made it invincible.*

The other one was *Moon*: It condensed all the *prana* in an instant and made it invincible for a moment. *
*TN: These terms use archaic kanji for sun (□□) and moon (□□).
They were too difficult, almost nobody could master them.
When it came to *Moon,* even Moroha was uncertain about it, he couldn't feel inclined to handle it. The "White Knight" Edward was the only user known to get through it in his previous and current life.
However, for example, if it was an applied technique that hit the exact middle point between *High Durability* and *Sun*, then it wasn't that difficult.
It was a means to concentrate *prana* on relatively wide areas such as□arms□and□abdomen□rather than a single part of the body and to obtain a high defense power without drifting away from "invincibility".
This was a very popular technique, used by the majority of the reserve members and team members of *Strikers*.
And, Moroha thought.
*So, if an applied technique that hit the exact middle point between High Durability and Sun was thought out, then one could use it even if one wasn't Edward, right? He concentrated on defense for about 10 seconds and tried a means to get high defense power that wasn't far from invincibility.*
The result——although he was able to get a defense power he had expected, he ascertained that his body lost practically all mobility while focusing on it.
It had its use in actual fighting, but the completion of this tricky technique wasn't useful without coming up with something.
That was why he didn't teach it to a lot of people, but he thought that there was a lot of valid situations for tank types that excelled in power and toughness but had difficulty in evasion like Satsuki and Sophia, so he told them in their personal special training.
In the match now, it would have been difficult for Satsuki to evade the first ultrafast thrusting of Haruka and the thrusting from a blind spot she counterattacked in an instant.
But Satsuki guessed that□Haruka would start something□and waited for the use of the applied technique of *Moon*.
And when Haruka got to her back, she also guessed that□A surprise attack when she disappeared from my sight would come□.
Satsuki herself, who mastered a technique rather than the trick of a technique, was magnificent.
For that reason, the signs of Satsuki's and Haruka's efforts made Moroha happy.
Unlike speed fighters, who fought by taking advantage of preemptive attacks and counterattacks, the tank-type Satsuki was eventually forestalled in a battle of different levels of ability.
Therefore, it was crucial to stand ready and solidly, take a closer look at the opponent's approach, pull through their offensive and strike back.

Satsuki, who was usually restless, controlled herself well. Moroha was delighted as if it was his own affair, because she succeeded in doing so with an opponent like Haruka.

– What happened to your body!? Are you done?
**Clank* !*Clank* !*Clank* !*
Haruka made free use of *Godlike Movement*, toyed with Satsuki and thrust from a blind spot each time she was repelled.
– W-what an impolite way of talking you have. Is that how you face a young maiden in her teens?
**Scornful laugh**
Immediately after Satsuki was struck, she countered, but at that moment, Haruka already escaped from her sword reach and Satsuki's huge sword that cut the air changed into an electric fan.
All of Haruka's attacks were repelled by Satsuki's *High Durability*.
All of Satsuki's attacks were dodged by Haruka's *Godlike Movement*.
It became a stalemate at a high level.
Those who watched the game were fascinated by the exciting match, but the ones doing it were impatient.
The result of that——
– Satsuki's that Tetsujin 28- gō!*
*TN: A very old manga of a mecha known as Iron Man 28 or Gigantor.
– That metaphor is too old, you grandma Momo-senpai!
– You're only a piece away from that.
– If I'm only a piece away from that, then my smooth-textured skin is doing a good job.
– Will you be able to say that next year?
– No worries, I'll stop aging with this *prana* full of freshness and youth!
– The only thing that won't develop is what's inside your head that look like a field of alpine flowers.*
*TN: Basically that she won't stop being an airhead.
Their quarrel while fighting was getting more and more severe….
Shizuno, who saw that,
– Oh, they ended up giving themselves away?
She coquettishly leant against Moroha while revealing a small dimple near her mouth.
– Don't behave improperly in this place. You're also giving yourself away, you know?
– Everyone is crazy about the match, they aren't looking at us at all.
– That's not the problem…
Moroha gave his candid advice while being overwhelmed by how she pushed her sensual body against him.
But Shizuno gazed at Satsuki in the match while showing no concern at all,
– I'm just relaxing while the demon isn't here.
– By demon you mean Satsuki…?

– Her boobs are like an ironing board?
– That’s not bad at all.
– Ironing board-san seems to be in a tough spot though?
– Eh…
Moroha turned his eyes in a hurry to the match he took his eyes off for a moment.
Satsuki shouted, standing imposingly at the center of the arena.
– My body isn’t weird! The scantiness of Momo-senpai is!
A huge vein instantly raised to the surface of Haruka’s forehead whose complex was hollowed out.
– Allow me to teach you whether I’m scant or not!
It seemed that the sound of the blood vessel flipping out could be heard even by Moroha.
Haruka, who lost her temper in a matter of seconds, charged.
Directly from the front, facing Satsuki. Without trying to attack from a blind spot.
She made her speed explode, and went faster, dividing her body into 5.
Haruka’s trump card. The finishing blow.
An ultra-high-rank derived technique of *Godlike Movement*, the swift and simultaneous chained attacks——*Donrou*.
And done by five of her.
(Wow…)
Moroha admired her, clenching his fist.
No one could even divide into two in the school.
Moroha could divide into four at most. And so it was for Haruka.
But Haruka already surpassed the Haruka that Moroha knew!
Amazing. Splendid. He sweated unconsciously.
(**But**… that’s not enough)
Moroha stared at the divided-into-5 Haruka who sprung at Satsuki from 5 directions.
At that moment, Satsuki moved.
And with her unoccupied left hand she hit hard.
The concrete floor.
The strong fist howled, the floor sunk over a wide area and the damage spread with a shrieking-like roaring sound.
The footing became unstable and Haruka slightly slowed down.
She, as an expert of *Godlike Movement,* wasn’t handicapped even when the footing became like this.
However, an explosive speed, her maximum speed was needed for *Donrou*.
「Slightly slowed down」and 「not so handicapped」became deadly.
——The body of Haruka, who divided herself into 5, returned to 1.
*Donrou was* a powerful technique that was used with all her power, therefore, after she finished using it, an opportunity was generated at last.
Satsuki didn’t fail to notice it.
– Taaaaaaaaakee thiiis!

With the left fist that shattered the floor, she attacked Haruka with an upper cut this time.
Haruka's body waited high in the sky while spinning flashily. *
*TN: The verb is indeed "to wait".
She fell, drawing a beautiful parabola and pierced the observation seats from the top of the head without doing an ukemi. The team members who were there escaped. Isurugi raised his right hand.
– It's over! The winner is Ranjou-kun!
– I, I really could win.
Satsuki rejoiced while half of herself didn't believe it.
– I could win against Momo-senpai. I'm amazing.
No more than broken applause burst from the observation seats.
– Hmmm…
Moroha clapped with mixed feelings.
He wanted to praise Satsuki, but on the other hand, he couldn't be delighted seeing Momo-senpai stuck within the observation seats.
– It's no good to use *Donrou* until you have grasped a definite chance of victory…
He repeatedly gave advice to Haruka like always.
She had an inferiority complex because of her powerlessness and therefore, she couldn't self-control her impatience?
Her bad habit ended up coming out at the last minute?
Contrary to her, Satsuki was patient until the end, she saw the movements of her opponent well and dealt with her.
The idea of destroying the footing that killed Haruka's speed was probably arranged a long time ago, maybe she got the idea when the awakened Moroha was harassed by Isurugi's younger brother.
Which meant that she never forgot the battle style of Moroha she saw with great care.
– So?
Shizuno, who leant coquettishly against him, whispered close to his ear as she got up.
– My prediction hit the mark about who would win, didn't it?
As she made a somewhat triumphant feeling run in her roguish tone of voice.
– Mu…
Moroha felt embarrassed when the long breath touched his earlobe, but he hesitated, without knowing how he should reply.
Shizuno had predicted that before the match.

"The one who faithfully followed the daily teachings of Moroha will win——"

After the end of the match.
As the applause ceased, the low commotion of the team members gradually could be heard from all around.
– That Ranjou… I felt she was doing well recently, but to think she was this good…
– Weren't you cheering when she was winning with that lucky punch though? It was superb.
– Actually, didn't Momochi look like she wasn't in her best condition?
– I think her movements were agile, you idiot. Did your eyeballs just see like 50% of it or something?
Everyone here was greed people who wanted strength.
Discussions about the details of the match and the results of it started here and there.
The performance of the school festival was nobody's topic.
– A regular member lost to a reserve membeeeeeeer! What am I gonna do with my time for my play's practice!? You're the youngest of the regular members, right!? Aren't you the disgrace of *Strikers*!?
– Kuuuu, my honeymoon with Moroha is… Momochi! You idiot! Show me your butt! I'll spank it until it's swelled up!
With the exception of two people who jeered at her abusively.
They were the lowest.
Satsuki jumped lightly and repeatedly at the center of the arena without being aware of the atmosphere around her,
– Did you see it, Nii-sama□♥? Did you see the moment of Satsuki-chan's victory□♥?
She made a heart fly towards Moroha.
– Yeah, I saw it. You did it well.
Moroha replied and waved his hand, being cautious so as to not reveal that——he almost missed it if it wasn't for Shizuno who told him.
Then he pointed to Satsuki's back with a light movement.
Satsuki obediently followed so while looking puzzled and turned around.
– You were outstanding, Ranjou-kun.
Isurugi stood in front of Satsuki with a humble look on his face.
– N-not□□□at all□□□□. I'm nothing like that□□I'm not□□□□□.
Satsuki smiled with joy and felt embarrassed by the praise of the captain she was entrusted with.
– Do you remember the first time we met face-to-face?
– Uh… I'm sorry, I don't.
– Oh, don't worry. I'm sure that I looked like a terribly cold guy from your point of view, didn't I? Those who were forgotten will be saved.*
*TN: Not sure what the last piece means.
Isurugi said so and gave a small wry smile.
Moroha thought back upon that exchange while watching them from the observation seats.

The conversation when he enrolled.
Isurugi came to recruit Moroha to *Strikers* and Satsuki barged into that, and appealed she wanted to get in as well.
However, Satsuki's real strength was insufficient and was clearly rejected by Isurugi.
Isurugi didn't feel particularly cold, rather, he exemplarily behaved as a captain and how honest he usually was. Of course, on the other hand, Moroha could get that Satsuki ended up being shocked.
At that time, Isurugi looked at the saddened Satsuki and said this.
– I don't have the intentions of closing the doors to you forever. Getting stronger is a good start. I hope to see you again.
And—

Now, Isurugi quietly said while looking up at the high ceiling of the martial arts stadium.
– My decision at that time wasn't wrong. I'm glad that Ranjou-kun is a proof of that.
– Yes…
Isurugi turned an honest face to Satsuki who gave a half-hearted answer, looking somewhat baffled.
And, he proposed.
– Don't you want to become the 14th regular member, Ranjou-kun?
– Yes…
Satsuki gave a half-hearted answer, looking somewhat baffled again.
Her head didn't seem to keep up with what she was told all of a sudden.
Isurugi waited for her reply in silence.
Satsuki was at a loss for moment, but once she was able to understand the meaning of those words little by little, she began to sweat and her face was covered in it.

– Excuse me… that's not a joke, is it?
– I hate the idea of joking about something like this.
– S-someone like me, a regular member!?
– That's an unusual answer of you who usually has great confidence in herself.
– But but but, it's so sudden that my heart isn't ready…
– Momochi-kun is by no means weak. You won against her. Moreover, you didn't win out of pure luck, did you? Preparing to become a regular member is about strength and nothing else.
– Are you really sure about this!?
– Rather, I'm asking you. At any rate, saving lives in an emergency is an important role.
– Th-th-th-th-then, then I'm finally a C-Rank!?
– No, I'm afraid not.
Isurugi moved his neck to the left and right with an honest face.

Satsuki had a face as if she had fell from heaven to hell.
Isurugi increased the speed of his head shaking,
– Please don’t jump to a wrong conclusion. I plan to recommend you to B-Rank.
– Is that sooo? I’m fine with being B, yeeah. If there was a hexagonal graph, it would be full of weak points and just a bit of power, and in a shape so distorted that it would make you lau——whaaaat!? What did you… say just now?
Satsuki, who entered in an endless dejected mode, raised her voice all of a sudden and asked again.
– You said that you surpassed the limits of C-Rank long ago and that you deserved B-Rank.
– No way…
Satsuki pinched her own cheeks.
She pinched them to the point they were bright red and swollen.
Then turned around to Moroha,
– What do I do, this doesn’t hurt at all. Is this a dream…?
She wondered as she shed tears of happiness.
Moroha gave her a thumbs up in silence.
Satsuki saw that and trembled with great joy,
– I’ll do it! I’ll become a regular member and I’ll protect Moroha’s baaaaaaaack!
She shouted, getting all excited with a “Yahoo”.
– I kne□□□□w it. That the wise ones would understa□□□□nd it. A strong person like Isurugi-senpai wouldn’t mistake a tiger cub for an ugly du□□□ckling fuoh fuoh fuoh!!
Since she completely returned to her usual self, bitter laughter leaked out from all over the martial arts stadium.
– I think that becoming either a tiger cub or an ugly duckling is a good thing.
Moroha retorted while giving a strained laugh, but because he was in the observation seats, it couldn’t be heard by the super prideful Satsuki.
Furthermore, Haruka, who recovered from the pain when she crashed, returned to the arena,
– Tch———- Why do I look like someone who makes Satsuki appear better!? Don’t feel sympathy just because a kouhai is higher in rank than me, tch———.
She congratulated her cute kouhai, then ruffled her hair and hugged Satsuki while cursing and pouting her lips.
– *Sobs*. Thank you. *Sobs*. Even If I have become a B-Rank, I’m not going to forget Momo-senpaaaaai.
– Hey… you want to be hit for real…
Haruka hugged Satsuki tight while feeling indignant.
Then Isurugi shook his head again,
– You’re speaking too early.

□□Eh?□□
– I've planned to recommend Momochi-kun to B-Rank too.
□□Eeeeeeeee□□□□□□□h!?□□
Satsuki and Haruka jumped in surprise while still embracing each other.
– You lost to Ranjou-kun, but I felt you still deserve it. This is the result of your everyday efforts, Momochi-kun.
– I, I, I, I, I'm not that strong――
– Come ooooooon, stop being so masochistic and celebrate with meeeeee.
Satsuki, clad in *prana*, threw Haruka right overhead with *Strength*.
She started to lift her high all by herself, saying **Heave-ho!* *Heave-ho*!*
– H-hey! Stop it.
– I'm not going to stop until you celebrate with me.
Satsuki threw and caught, threw and caught the panicked Haruka.
The smiling faces in the martial arts stadium multiplied with that charming scene.
– Once the special training is over, let's start a celebration for them!
Taketsuru took the lead with energy and voices of approval arose.
– I object! With this authority I have as the vice-captain, I don't approve it! These lasses aren't in the same rank as me.
– Isn't it strange that I, the top of the second years, is still a C while Momochi and the kouhai are B now? This is all messed up, isn't it, Isurugi-saaaaaaaaannnn?
The two who jeered were heating up more and more.
These two were the lowest.
– It's no good that Satsuki lifts her high alone!
Sophia jumped over the fence of the observation seats, descended to the arena and the rest of the members followed her with quick steps. The two lowest people were completely swallowed up by that flow of people.
Sophia and the others, who rushed into the arena, gave praise to Satsuki and Haruka.
Furthermore, Satsuki was also lifted high by everyone, the two revolved in the air alternately.
It was filled with a friendly atmosphere, it was hard to believe that they were confronting whether they would run a coffee shop or not.
Moroha stared at that scene while still sitting in the observation seats.
– Isn't this a nice vie――ah, what happened to your face?
Shizuno, who was sat next to him, said as she tried to examine Moroha's face in profile from below.
– I get embarrassed when you stare at me so fixedly, you know?
– But this one is a better view for me.
– You…
Moroha complained, but in the end, he let Shizuno do as she liked and continued watching Satsuki and Haruka who were lifted high with great joy and the members who were too excited.

# Chapter 2: A bothersome man

The autumn sunsets happened early in the day.
All the people of *Strikers* walked all together in the totally dark town.
Once the special training ended, all the members went to a karaoke in the downtown to have the utmost fun which they called as “the promotion advance celebration of Satsuki and Haruka”, and on their way back home.
Since Shizuno was the only one who lived in her house and the rest of the members lived in the dorms, they had parted from her already. They were all together until the fork to the men’s dormitory and the women’s dormitory at the foot of the school.
Everyone had fun talking about stuff along the way. They couldn’t stop, as if the singing wasn’t enough.
– Kammie’s singing is truly at a professional grade every time I listen to him. When will you debut?
– *Dyuhefufuehyufue*, I feel embarrassed that Takki-senpai says something like that to me.
Kamekichi felt embarrassed by Taketsuru’s backhanded compliment and made his body wriggle.
– So gross. Are you two homos or what!?
– NO! Prejudice only gives birth to disputes. Love between people of the same gender is never a bad thing.
Tokiko spat out and Sophia intervened from the side.
– Well… if you follow the situation, I don’t think it goes that way…
Haruka had her eyes half-closed. She muttered so with a voice that grew hoarse.
Then Tokiko worried in a theatrical manner,
– What’s wrong? Where’s your spirit? I see, I completely grasped the situation. The B-Rank title became a heavy burden now? Alright, I, the vice-captain, will go to advise the captain to take it back.
– **Ahem**. There’s something you should confess about before advising to me, isn’t there? Momochi-kun isn’t energetic because you made her continue singing nonstop and that looked like corporal punishment, you know? It was a good thing I kept an eye on you.
Isurugi coughed with a scary face and because of that, Tokiko immediately turned her face ghastly pale.

– It’s a m-m-m-m-misunderstanding. I felt like she genuinely wanted to celebrate and the mic just turned to her. A-a-actually, Momochi did a duet the whole time and Ranjou was all lively, weren’t they?
– I witnessed all that perfectly, but that was definitely nothing but power harassment.
Taketsuru gestured and made binoculars with his hands.
– **Ginyaaaaaaaaah**. I was betrayed by Taketsuru’s social staaandiiing.
– I’ve never supported your wrongdoings.
– As expected of Takki-senpai, Kamekichi totally admires you!
– Once the coffee shop is running, I’ll make Kanzaki-kun take care of the separation of trash alone.
When Isurugi decided so with an undaunted voice, they clapped lively.
– Wow, nice idea!
– That’s fully-fledged power harassment, captain! You, don’t applaud! I’m being bullied!
——There was nothing noisier than this.
If this happened a bit later, they probably would have become a nuisance for the neighborhood.
Moroha walked at the end of such line and smiled free from worry when he saw Tokiko apologizing to the captain with teary eyes.
– “Heaven’s vengeance is slow but sure”, huh.
He smiled at Satsuki who walked next to him,
– I, I was permitted to monopolize the mic… but are they completely satisfied with it?
Satsuki said as she avoided meeting his gaze.
She was too tough with herself.
– Well, it was fun, wasn’t it? And as you say, I think it’ll be surely interesting to run a coffee shop with these members.
With the exception of two people who were against it, they entirely turned over a new leaf when they got the result of the match.
Nevertheless——
– Y-yeah….
Because the reply of Satsuki was evasive, Moroha shifted his attention to her with puzzled eyes, saying□Oh?□ .
– You weren’t able to enjoy it?
– That’s not it! I was happy that the coffee shop will be done, that I was promoted and that everyone gave me their blessings! I did feel very happy!
– Then why…
– Well… Is Moroha happy that I have become… a regular member?
Satsuki upturned her eyes and asked timidly.
– Aren’t you angry and worried because I’ll take part in real combat and that I’ll fight against the *metaphysical?*
“So it was that, huh”, Moroha smiled a bit.
– Yes, I’m happy.
Satsuki made her facial expression shine when Moroha patted her head.

– Really!?
– Yeah. I'm not worried. You already have enough true strength. And I'll be next to you.
– M-me too! I want to fight standing next to Moroha! My dream came true at last!
Moroha reacted to the words of the somewhat excited Satsuki with a smile.
– I don't know why, but I feel like imprisoning you or making you do nothing like a princess was wrong. So, I'm glad things turned out this way.
– Eh, what do you mean with that?
– Like I said, "I don't know why". It's nothing serious.
Moroha shrugged his shoulders, saying "Don't question me too much".
While the ominous dream he had during the day and that he drove it of his head crossed his mind.
– Anyway, I've been recognized, haven't I? So it's all good! I'll do my best!
– Yeah. Let's do our best together from now on.
Moroha extended his hand gently.
Satsuki looked at it, her cheeks reddened a bit and excitedly held his hand, intertwining their fingers.
They walked, joining their hands.
They felt like they didn't want to release them or arrive at the fork that led to the women's dormitory.

Moroha, who returned to the dormitory together with all the male members, stopped at its entrance.
He turned around when he went through the second automatic door of the elegant entrance that looked like a hotel.
– Haimura-kun. You have a visitor.
The one who told him so was the old dorm father.
– A visitor? Who is it?
– Well, they didn't give their name even when I asked them. It's a foreigner.
He was told they were in the guest room, so he decided to go there immediately.
(Maybe it's my aunt? But not giving her name is strange)
He grabbed the door knob of the guest room as he cocked his head in puzzlement.
At that moment——
Sparks scattered inside his head.
Like a warning that said "Be careful".
Moroha glared at the door for a moment as he grabbed the knob.

A cold and heavy tension leaked through the door gaps like dry ice fumes, it even felt like a presence that crept the floor of the corridor.
Who was really waiting for him?
Moroha checked the ID Tag in his breast pocket and put himself on guard to be able to manifest his weapon at any time.
Then, he opened the door carefully.
The room had a simple but calm appearance inside.
A stylish table with chairs, decorative plants and bookshelves were installed in it.
Someone was sitting in the chair across the table, making sure to face the entrance.
A white young man with virile features.
He seemed to be about 10 years older than Moroha.

His hair was black. His suit was black. His necktie was black. Furthermore, he wore black leather gloves even inside the room.
Only the color of his pupils was blue, with which he stabbed Moroha with a nervous-looking gaze.
He shook his crossed legs, rested his chin in his left hand and restlessly hit the table with his right index finger.
He was a “visitor”, but he absolutely didn’t look friendly.
Two long and short sabers were tossed on the table as if demonstrating he had no intention to fight, but the presence the person in question was clad in was the danger itself.
He kept emitting a cold anger while glaring at him.
Moroha had the illusion like he set foot into an ice room with such feeling of high tension.
The first thing the young man said after he opened his mouth.
In fluent Japanese.
As if spitting out and warping his cheeks——
– You’re late. Don’t keep me waiting.
– Who are you?
Moroha replied immediately.
He riposted with all his strength.
What was with him? He came without an appointment and told him to not keep him waiting…
– Don’t be rude. You don’t have to yell at me all of a sudden, do you?
– You’re without a doubt the rude one here. Good position, good attitude, good greetings, good everything.
Moroha lost his strength by being retorted with double the strength.
His shoulders and knees lost strength.
He felt like the tension escaped with a terrific force from the open door.
– … Anyway. Who’re you?
He covered his forehead and stared back at the young man.
(What a troublesome guy)
That was the first impression of Moroha.
There were a lot of places for retorts, there was no time to be surprised about the fact he spoke in Japanese even though he was a foreigner.
The young man gave his name like he chewed up a bitter bug with his chin still resting in his hand.
– I’m Charles. The current Paris Saint-Germain.
– Who are you aga——?
Moroha swallowed the words he attempted to say.
That name sounded familiar.
– Are you perhaps the Head of the French Division?
The young man who gave his names as Charles confirmed so and got annoyed as if looking down on him.
That seemed to be a positive reply….

– What kind of business has the Head-sama of the French Division with someone lowly as me?
The attitude of Charles was displeased with him rather than being surprised. But why?
Moroha became sullen and sat in front of him without rejection.
The principle was to come in contact with the ones above him with courtesy, but this extremely rude man didn’t like that.
– What a foolish question. Edward came to greet you as well, didn’t he, oh seventh person? Then I coming here isn’t strange either.
(In short, dealing with him like I did with Edward should do it, huh)
After all, it seemed like courtesy wasn’t needed for this man.
Moroha broadly interpreted so.
– So you showed your face to say hello? Then return to your country at once. What will you do if a *metaphysical* appears?
He waved his hand like shooing a dog away.
A diagram in which「This man is also a Six Head which is = Edward = Lightning Empress = walking big nuisance」was pictured in his mind, he wanted him to go home before trouble occurred.
Or more precisely, and to tell the truth, this smelled suspicious.
– Fool. I will take my leave promptly even if you don’t tell me.
– Hmm. Then I’ll be taking you at your word. What does Akane mean for y――
– Hey. Seventh person.
– … What? I have a name and that is Haimura Moroha.
– How long will this idiotic idle talk have to continue, seventh person? I’m busy and I can’t be away from my country forever. Let’s cut to the chase.
– We could have talked about it when I asked what was your deal with me moments ago. You fully flared at me and retaliated for everything. You aren’t in a rebellious age, are you?
– Ridiculous. It will be all good if I amend my cursing and you your wording, don’t you agree? What are you so triggered about? You baffle my understanding.
What a bothersome guy.
Moroha thought so from the bottom of his heart.
This person only had to grow up.
– … What’s the deal?
– Remember. I hate troublesome stuff.
– You don’t sa―― didn’t tell me about this unexpected meeting. Talk straight to the matter at hand without beating around the bush.*
*TN: The first part of it fits nicely in Japanese but in English loses its meaning. Basically, Charles was not the most appropriate to say he hated troublesome stuff because he was troublesome.
– It’s to discuss. I came to scout you.

Moroha couldn’t grasp the meaning of the words for a moment because he was told so with quite a displeasured voice that didn’t seem to like that much.
But he rapidly understood them, and now he couldn’t catch a hold of the reason.
– … Excuse me?
– Idiot. I’m telling you to put you under my command. You don’t understand it unless I explain it?
– I understand what that means. Rather, you don’t get the attitude to ask this kind of things?
He arrogantly said he was going to scout him, but who would follow that thoughtlessly?
As for Moroha, who made a very decent claim,
– Hmmm. You’re a surprisingly despicable man, huh.
Charles scorned at him by looking down on him.
– This is upsetting…
– Ridiculous. Attitude to request stuff to people——you’re saying that I had to bring money?
– To show sincerity!
Moroha opened his eyes wide and retorted,
– Alright, alright. Don’t put up a front now, hahahaha.
Charles didn’t accept it and just laughed him down.
He’s really bothersome….
During the special practice, Haruka, Tokiko and Kamekichi were quarreling who was the most troublesome, but they were angels compared to this guy.
– Alright. I’ll pay the price you ask.
– Then it’s 100 million.
– Got it. Dollars? Euros? Which one is it?
– How can you pay that money!?
Moroha, who intended to thrust an unreasonable demand, ended up unconsciously raising a voice in disarray.
Moreover, that in dollars would roughly be 10 billion yen….
– Why is it strange? You came up with it, no? And I can pay that, of course. Or you thought “it’s fine” because I’m too cheap?
– The French Division is so rich…
There were those who had money and those who don’t.
Moroha reflected upon the unfairness of the world.
– So? If I pay that money by tomorrow, will you come to France right away?
– Sorry. That was a figure of speech. I apologize. But I don’t feel like going even if I got 100 million.
– You low-life. As soon as you knew I had the ability to pay, you suspended the negotiations?
– It’s not about thaaaat!
Moroha was at wits’ end.

And he fully realized that this man was not only troublesome, but also a very difficult person.
Charles kept glaring at Moroha without ever averting his eyes.
He scorned at him, but without slipping out a chuckle like he enjoyed it.
A through-and-through overly serious guy. That was why he was difficult.
From the point of view of Moroha, even if he retorted when it was time for a retort, the retorts had no effect because he didn't think his partner was the funny man.*
*TN: This line says that they were the straight man (Moroha) and the funny man (Charles) which is a comedy routine but this didn't work because Charles wasn't the funny man.
– How much is it? Don't put on airs and say your price quickly.
Charles urged him as he got irritated and poked the table with his fingertips.
– I said that I don't feel like going.
Moroha confronted him as he sat up straight so as to not be manipulated more than this.
– In short? You don't need money?
Moroha assented clearly.
– Money is important. I don't pretend to deny that.
There was so much happiness in this world that couldn't be bought with any amount of money.
But the misfortunes in this world were so much that could be spared with a small amount of money.
Moroha, who saw how his aunt suffered with family finances, knew that very well.
– Still, my aunt told me this. 「No matter how much money you get, you must not sell your soul」.
Moroha liked to give and take.
Sophia and Haruka often told him to accompany them in their personal training, and he was treated to a meal in return for that.
However, this had a foundation, both were likeable and he had the feeling of wanting to accompany them.
Moroha disregarded this creepy guy who told him something like "you buy bread because I rewarded you".
Don't waste money and at the same time don't waste your pride.
– Understood――
Charles reluctantly agreed with a face as if chewing a bitter bug.
"It will be great if you get that", Moroha nodded as well.
– ――So, any person is right then?
– Huh? Any person?
– You low-life. You're making me say it? Since you don't need money, then how many women you need to take care of you?
– Who said that and when!?
Moroha exclaimed.

Charles put a hand on one ear and frowned,
– So noisy. Is it possible to have a smarter conversation?
He protested, playing the victim.
– How troublesome…
How many times have Moroha thought so in his mind? He ended up putting it into words.
– In other words? You don’t need women?
– That’s natural. I’ll be the one searching for my lover.
– Got it. Then from today you’re my lead knight. Aren’t you honored?
– I don’t need honor either!
– You kidding me…? You want the position of the vice-head division? No, wait. That’s——
– You frankly came from France just to make fun of me!?
Moroha, who overused his hoarse throat, continued retorting without reservation.
Charles’s facial expression became extremely serious,
– This is upsetting…
He said absent-mindedly.
– ……
Those were the words Moroha used a while ago, but he didn’t think it would come so far that they would be used by that person.
– Seventh person——.
– Stop talking. And don’t try reading my thoughts.
– It’s your fault. Since you put on airs each time and don’t tell me what your requirements are, I have no choice but to predict them.
– For the impatient you, I’ll explain everything I think about, so listen in silence!
– What a time-waster. You could have done that from the beginning.
– □□□□□□□□□□□□.
Someone had to make teasing remarks every single time.
Moroha endured the urge to smash the tear down the table, took a deep breath many times, regained the essential of Natural Stance by the limits of his extraordinary efforts and said with a restrained voice.
– I’m a student. I like living here and I want to graduate here.
– Nonsense. What’s the value of this small school? Isn’t it a waste of time, seventh person?
He told him to be quiet, and yet, Charles already interjected impatiently.
– Its value is decided by myself. In the future, I’ll join the *Order* and at that moment I think I’ll join the Japanese Division. I haven’t think of joining a foreign division. *
*TN: Order is the furigana reading for White Knight Organization.
– Why?
– I have family in this country. I don’t know whether or not I’ll live together with them some other time, but if something were to happen to my aunt’s

family, and I live too far and can’t come running to them right away, I’ll leave without permission.
What crossed his mind was the bitter scene when he lost his parents.
Although he was in front of them, he was so young he couldn’t do anything.
At that time, Moroha, more than becoming an adult. He wanted to not be powerless.
But if he wasn’t close to them the next time, then it would make no sense.
There would no growth.
– It’s easy. Inviting your family to France should do it. They will take care of them in my name.
– … That’s something really easy to say.
– That’s a fact. In that case, how many others do we welcome? You seem to have close female friends, haven’t you? Then coming to the French Division together should do it. Is there any social obligation that you and the others have to particularly join the Japanese Division?
Charles probably meant Satsuki and Shizuno.
And probably Maya, Leshya, and even Haruka was inserted in his calculations.
He studied him well. Moroha increased his alert level by one.
– At any rate, the conclusion of that can’t be made by my judgment here.
He put the situation on hold. And interrupted the negotiation.
Moroha told unilaterally and deposited his back on the back of the chair as if leaning against it.
– What a halfhearted guy…
The impatient Charles clicked his tongue, looking annoyed, not giving a damn about it.
– You hate wasting time, don’t you? Then why don’t you return to France quickly?
– I refuse. I’ll return with you even if I’m at a disadvantage here.
The eyes of Charles focused straight on Moroha as if piercing him with an arrow.
If it wasn’t because he became aware of them, the power of observation could have overwhelmed him. He was prepared.
Moroha stopped leaning on the chair and looked forward again.
– Listen.
– What?
– Why are you doing this much to get me in the French Division?
Moroha had experienced incredibly big offers so far, like joining *Strikers* and becoming the head of the Russian Division, but this one was way too out of reason.
– At this late hour?
– It can’t be helped. I wasn’t that curious.
– You say that——but I don’t dislike that alienation.
Charles showed a smile without even a millimeter of scorn on his mouth for the first time.

– You’re strong. You essentially slaughtered *Fortress* alone and defeated Russia too. I count on that power.
– Both *Fortress* and the former Russian Division were defeated by everyone’s cooperation, I’m not that much of a deal, you know? Why is the French Head having great difficulty with something that he even wants the help of a cat?*
*TN; “Wanting the help of a cat” is a proverb and it means: You are so busy that you will take any help you can get.
– Don’t make light of me. As long as I live, I make France do as I like with the *Metaphysical*.
– So “not being particularly needed for that” is out of the question, right?
– Certainly. If it’s just about protecting my country from the *Metaphysical*, then I’m enough.
– Who’s the time-waster now?
– It’s because of your interruptions.
He took a blow, and Moroha lent him a hand as if prompting him to speak.
– Listen. I have a purpose. My dearest wish. And for that, I want to gather as many strong people as possible.
Charles began to say shadily with a displeasured face.
Moroha encouraged him even more as he was on his guard.
– What’s your dearest wish?
When he asked, Charles replied immediately.
Without excitement, without exaggeration, without anything of that, but rather, with a dispassionate tone of voice.

– Human domination by us, the *Saviors*.

Moroha couldn’t respond right away.
He was dumbfounded by it.
It seemed like it would have been better to gift the nickname “Jack in the box” to him.
– …… Hey. … Is it okay to laugh?
– Do as you like. If you laugh at me, then just laugh at me, your vessel will be known. *
*TN: It means he’ll know what kind of person he really is.
– Hmm.
His sarcasm was far from flowing, on the contrary, he became serious.
He looked deadly serious.
The good eyesight of Charles, who still had his chin resting in his hand, was a sharper and quieter ghastliness living in his blue pupils.
This man, who was in a shape like making his body smaller by rolling it up and bending his back, wore an extremely **heavy** personality.
His status and mood didn’t allow someone to laugh him down, saying□Aren’t you insane?□.
On the other hand——there was one thing he was concerned about.

For example, Lightning Empress Vasilisa was a woman whose enormous lust for power overflowed from her body.
As for that woman, it wouldn’t be strange for her to start talking nonsense like human domination one of these days as long as nobody stopped her.
However, what about the man in front of him?
He seemed nervous and bothersome, but he didn’t look like the type of person who would have an extreme lust for power.
He was rigid with others, but he was more rigid with himself——or rather, that was his nature as an aloof.
Moroha put his hand on his chin for a moment,
– What’s so good about human domination?
He decisively asked the man who beat around the bush.
– Nothing in particular. But that’s just the mission of a *Savior*. The group called humans are beings that cannot be saved unless someone controls them with powerful strength and leads them properly in every particular. Don’t you think so?
– I’m not that pessimistic, sorry.
– Stupid. Typical of a Japanese and his peace at any price.
– Wait——
He was going to object if there was a connection between Japan and their peace at any price with their previous lives——but Moroha held his tongue.
That thing crossed his mind again.
The nightmare he saw during the day.
The memory in which his beloved sister was stolen by the hopeless ones and he tried to get her back even if he was kept from doing so.
Chills pierced his back.
His face and body stiffened.
– What is it now? Let’s keep talking rapidly.
Charles hastily urged Moroha so that he could come to his senses.
He rubbed out that detestable memory together with the sweat that suspended lightly on his forehead.
Then sat up straight and stared back at Charles,
– As you say, I’m a lower-middle class Japanese who lives in a small Japanese house and a stupid peace idiot. Your story is of a scale so huge that I can’t keep up with it. Do that human domination or whatever its name is as you please. I’ll be hoping as much as possible for the day in which I’ll worship your bronze statue every day to arrive.
He rejected, mixed with sarcasm.
Charles fixedly stared at Moroha’s face with his chin still resting in his hand.
How many times had his right index finger hit the table?
A timer-like alarm sounded from his breast pocket.
– I see.
Charles stood up with a hand in his breast pocket and stopped the alarm.
– So, you gave up?

– No. I just realized that talking with you is a waste of time. I haven’t given up.
Charles removed the leather glove of his right hand as he used inappropriate words.
When he wondered what kind of delicate and pretty hand would come out, what appeared was a rough hand.
Similar to the hands of a craftsman.
It was engraved with wrinkles just as much as the pride he had and the months and years of being continuously exploited.
**Sparks sparkling**——
Intense sparks sparkled like raising an alarm inside Moroha’s head.
Yes, almost the same as when he confronted Edward for the first time.
Without a moment’s delay, Moroha relaxed the tension of his whole body and remained sat.
*Natural Stance.*
That was Moroha’s posture.
So that he could respond to any drastic act Charles may do.
– Remember——
Charles threw down his glove.
Slowly towards in front of Moroha.
As if a knight challenged him to a duel.
– ——I will summon you to France no matter what means I use.
The table sounded greatly the moment the glove fell.
One of the sabers placed on it started to move by itself and made a clattering sound.
Not only that, it floated in the air as if it were magic and suddenly drew near before Moroha’s eyes.
The sharp point of the sword cut up the wind and attacked.
That blade came to a stop as if leaving a distance of one millimeter and just before it pierced Moroha’s forehead.
Moroha, in the end, didn’t do the slight movement as he showed a daring smile.
– This isn’t charming. Be a bit flustered.
Charles spat out like he wasn’t fascinated.
– There’s no reason for the guy who said he would summon me to France just now to kill me, right?
Moroha jested and shrugged his shoulders as the saber was thrust at him.
– Don’t show off. What would you have done if I had missed my aim?
When Charles threw down his glove, both the saber that remained on the table and the saber that was thrust at Moroha flew like gliding in the air and returned to the sword belt on the waist of Charles.
– What if I showed off more than you? I’m not a guy who lets this pass through, you know?
Moroha narrowed his eyes.
Charles had released a feeble *mana*.

And manipulated both sabers with it.
The *mana* was all black, it had no color difference like *prana*.
Still, for Morohoa's eyes, Charles's *mana* looked very beautiful.
The roof tiles, which didn't accomplish their purpose if they became imprecise by a millimeter, were neatly and thoroughly lined up as if spreading all over——they closely resembled a scene that overflowed with simplicity and elegance of design.
A proof that he could control his own *mana* to the utmost limits.
One of *Kuromas'* perfection. A master. Those images surged in succession.
It was frightening. His true nature finally showed a chink.
Moroha knew.
That the Charles up to now, certainly and surely didn't come to discuss at all.
At first, the air that covered over was like the one of a cold room, but if compared to the current pressure, it was something like he just messed around with.
– Tch…
The right hand of Charles extended to his breast pocket as he clicked his tongue.
Moroha also extended his right hand to the ID Tag in his breast pocket.
Even if no direct attack came, there was no guarantee that *Bind* or *Giga Drowse* wouldn't come at him.
A long line of sweat ran down Moroha's spine as they glared at each other.
And, Charles relaxed his right hand.
He took out his pocket watch, checked it and immediately put a face as if having swallowed a bitter bug.
– You bastard. How dare you make me waste my precious time with such a useless thing?
He spat out annoyed and suddenly turned back.
– H-hey?
Charles left the room, leaving Moroha perplexed with his hand in his breast pocket.
A restless walk like it valued every moment.
– Don't forget. When I say that I'll do it, I'll certainly do it.
He just told him a sharp parting remark without looking back not even once.
If he was sudden when he came, then he was selfish when he left.
He quickly ended up disappearing on the other side of the corridor.
Moroha was left in mute amazement.
– He's really… a bothersome guy….
Wasn't stupid of this guy to fire himself up here?
He took a big breath and the tension that stretched in the room faded.
He also returned quickly.
He thought so, and for some reason or another, he wanted to leave.
He wouldn't forget even if he was told to forget. It didn't go away from inside his head.

The moment when Charles said he would summon Moroha to France and his blue eyes that felt like penetrating cold.
What made him be fixated on Moroha to that extent?

He could only hear that excuse, that thing about human domination or whatever it was.
– Sleep… and forget… there’s no way I can do that, can I?
Moroha took out his cellphone as he sighed once again.
At times like this, he had to get in touch with her, the most reliable person there was.

A blue crescent moon floated as if a wound was carved in the night sky.
Charles looked up at it while walking on the roof of a private house.
It was really a blue moon.
He recalled that terrible night, his chest throbbed soddenly.
– Soon…. Very soon…
Charles talked to himself as if diverting the pain.
– I’ll become a dastard… I’ll hurt innocents… but I’ll certainly…
He talked to himself as he distorted his look in pain.
– I’ll certainly get you back… Flavie…

# Chapter 3: The situation of the modern magic associations

Moroha ran through the streets while basking in the cold wind.
It was past 10pm, there was almost no people.
Since he used *Godlike Movement* and *Decrease Weight*, he just ran from the men's dormitory to Shizuno's house at the top of the hill.
He asked for advice immediately after Charles left, but he was told to "not talk about this on the phone" so he decided to get this and that ready and paid her a visit.
The house of the board chairman and his wife stood inconspicuously in the hill.
Shizuno's room was on the second floor.
As soon as he arrived, he opened the door while greeting.
– Sorry for being this late, Shizuno.
The inside was pitch dark.
Moroha was confused for a moment.
– Shizuno…?
– Reservation is not needed, you know? Come in.
A languid voice was heard from the back of the room.
His eyes got used to that darkness and he could slightly grasp the situation inside with the light that flew in from the corridor.
He could see the figure of a person who moved slowly on the bed.
– Were you sleeping?
Even though he told her he would go there now.
Moroha entered the room as he was told while thinking in puzzlement.
He carefully shuffled his feet. He was afraid of kicking something and crushing something underfoot. High-class items were carelessly scattered about in this room. If by any chance the conversation were to be about compensation——his heart ended up collapsing just by thinking about it.
– Were was the light switch?
– I have a remote control, but where did it go?
– You even have a remote control for that? I don't get the houses of the riches…
– Maybe it's on the low table? Can you go and get it?

– Sure, I'll do it.
Moroha fell to his knees near the low table and began to search high and low by fumbling.
– Could it be that it's actually on the desk?
– Really now…?
– Or maybe under the bed?
– You're lying.
– Oh, you got me? It's actually here.
**Beep**, an electronic sound sounded.
The moment the light turned on, the room became brighter.
The bed was surprisingly close to the low table and Shizuno was in front of him.
She was dressed in a lascivious negligee!
She lay face down and sent him a flirtatious glance.
A see-through cloth that made a heavy use of lace! The white skin slightly seen underneath it! And black underwear!
The hem of the skirt that anxiously moved down from the bent knee seemed it would be turned up at any moment! At any moment!
– W-what's with that appearance?
Moroha turned his eyes in panic as he blushed all shy.
– You came to creep into my bedroom, no? Though if it's Moroha, I'd always welcome you?
– Don't poke fun at me. Go and put on something quickly.
He spotted a cushion spread out close to the low table and sat, turning his back on Shizuno.
– You don't have to be so shy.
– Please be aware that your figure has a negative influence on healthy high school boys.
– Thank you. That's a compliment, yes?
– Don't be so pleased about it and put on something fast.
Moroha bore a headache.
But there was no sign that Shizuno changed her clothes.
She was just happy——a mischievous child who waited for someone to get caught in her trap. A sign like she grinned hit his back.
– Shizuno-*san*?
He questioned her aloud and with his back still turned on her, without affording to see her face.
– Wait a bit? I think that it's not ready yet?
– Haaa…. What's "not ready yet"?
Moroha rested his chin on the low table and stared intensely at the front with an astonished face.
He stared at something made of high-class wood and made in a country he didn't know, that something was an antique door.
It suddenly opened.
Without a knock or greeting.

The person who appeared so abruptly was——Leshya.
Leshya saw Moroha, then saw Shizuno still dressed in negligee and blinked several times,
– It seems I interrupted you.
And closed the door.
– It’s a misunderstandiiiiing.
– I’m depressed. I should die.
Moroha ran after Leshya who rushed out into the corridor in panic, bound her arms behind her back and calmed her with all his might.

One minute later——
– It’s not just a silly joke.
– I want you to be aware that your joke gives heartache to innocent high school girls.
Shizuno and Leshya, who sat down adjoin each other at the low table, were still arguing.
By the way, Shizuno finally put on her gown. Thanks to that, Moroha could look her in the eyes.
– Moroha has just arrived and we haven’t done anything, so can you forgive me already?
Shizuno insisted nonchalantly and Leshya turned suspicious eyes towards her.
– It’s late in the night, so why don’t we start talking now?
When Moroha, who was sat at the low table with them coughed, both persons finally stopped their quarrel.
He looked at them and began to talk again.
– Why did you even call Leshya?
– You want to hear about the Head of the French Division, don’t you? In that case, it’s better to have more sources of information.
When Shizuno put a serious tone of voice and gave a business-like reply,
– It’s my first time experiencing this, being invited to a friend’s house.
Leshya did a complete change from her stare with scornful eyes and replied looking very glad.
Moroha asked Shizuno as he compared such contrasting people.
– You’re on good terms with Leshya? That’s surprising.
Though around the time when they had just met it was terrible.
It was like a foul talk between the two who knew each other’s temper rather than the dangerous quarrel just now.
– Because she can be of help for you.
– Huh?
– When we talked, I surprisingly got along well with her.
Shizuno restated calmly.
This time, Moroha glared at her with scornful eyes without disguising his suspicion.
– For me, my first family is Moroha and my first friend is Shizuno.

But when Leshya declared so, looking happy again, he was taken aback. Leshya couldn’t look her in the eyes with pity.
– The conversation was about the Head of the French Division who suddenly came to scout you, right?
Moroha nodded to Shizuno’s confirmation.

The talk on the whole was transmitted on the phone earlier, and Leshya had a look like she already knew that.
– To begin with, what kind of person is Charles?
– You're asking so hurriedly?
Shizuno replied immediately.
– He's a fastidious man who always seem to be displeasured.
Leshya replied immediately too.
Sorry, he understood only when their glances met.
– I mean, Leshya met Charles?
Her way of speaking now.
– Yes. He was relatively friendly with Lightning Empress. Whenever there was a conversation between the two, I happened to be present there as a guard of Lightning Empress.
– I see…
– The French Division and the former Russian Division had a close relationship, akin to an alliance. They were called "extremists" by other Divisions.
– How extremist are they in specifically?
– They do whatever it takes to strengthen their influence.
– The former Russia attempted to gather strong *Saviors* with a selected few that disdained everybody.
– France is the opposite. At any rate, they're stacking numbers.
Shizuno told them very accurately the circumstances around that while citing an example.
For example, in Japan and in the UK, the middle school third year students did a test in private to see whether they were *Saviors* or not, and if it there was a positive, the way to scout them to a *Savior* training school was taken.
If they widened the scope of the test, then they would be able to discover much more *Saviors* at once, but that wouldn't do it.
One of the reasons was that the special test took time and that it was troublesome to take tests to those who weren't students.
But there was a reason even more important.
Ridiculously inefficient political problems.
If the number of *Saviors* drastically multiplied and the White Knight Organization gained too much power because of it, then it would be evident that the government and the powerful ones would be afraid of a rampage of the supermen called *Saviors* and would start a firm regulation, suppression and elimination of them.
– We absolutely aren't dreadful beings.
– We're no more than a group that is able to destroy *metaphysicals* at the end.
The quantity given to that *image* by the powerful ones was crucial.*
*TN: Image is the furigana reading for illusion.

On the other hand, the French Division wasn't concerned about that *image* creation or the powerful ones.
Charles widely distributed political funds to all the prominent political parties in his country to water them down, meaning that he did as he pleased now.*
*TN: Meaning that no party stood out or had more power than the others.
– Solving everything with money… the disgusting conversation repeats again, huh.
Moroha was dispirited as he saw the image data displayed on the tablet that Shizuno had presented.
The current French Prime Minister who shook hands with the sour-looking Charles and who didn't wag his tail was displayed on it.
– The expression for it is「World is money after all」, isn't it? That's nothing but the truth for the people **who live in this world.**
– I know that.
This was why his aunt taught him to「Sell all but his soul」.
A job title was all that one needed to knock down those guys with cheap and ridiculous souls with a stack of banknotes; and probably, from the point of view of the French Division, that kind of talk was「too easy」.
– But is Charles that super rich?
– Yes. He controls a few banks and brokerage firms from the shadows, he's also a leading figure in the European financial business.
He could pay 10 billion yen without batting an eyelid. He grasped that from the bottom of his heart.
– A person who doesn't match his appearance, huh…
That youthfulness, and that hurriedness didn't give the slightest signal that he was an authority in the economic world.
However, the various images that Shizuno showed by sliding the tablet——in which Charles was displayed with VIPs, then he in a corner of a brokerage firm was displayed small and then surrounded by men and women of all ages dressed up at some party venue and so on——it seemed like they got awfully used to the sour-looking face of that guy in those places as they watched the images.
In the political and business world and high society of France that were crazy about the swirling money and power, a person, the figure of Charles who adopted an "I don't care attitude", actually started to look good in it in.
– Wow, he got used to it.
– That's natural. PSG is a magician after all.
Moroha was surprised by the words of Leshya.
– How can magicians not feel out of place even if they're blending with politicians and rich people?
Shizuno replied that question immediately.
– Well, they've been related to the political and business world from long ago. To begin with, it's said that the origin of many magic associations in Europe is the Knights Templars in the Crusades era. Knights Templars

flourished due to finance business and many of the magic associations that became their followers also imitated their ancestors. It's the alchemy of the magicians that lives in the present-day PSGs who make money with insurances and securities trading and by lending and borrowing money.
– Magic associations, huh…
He certainly thought that a *Kuroma* was being compared with a magician, but to think the latter was a professional with history and tradition. Moroha folded his arms when the shady story came out.
Well, when he objectively looked at the White Knight Organization, he concluded it was quite a shady organization too.
– Do they actually exist like Freemasonry?
– I don't know if they're still a thing these days, you know? Anyway, magic associations actually exist, ranging from the secretive ones that are completely unknown to those that recruit members online. One of them is『Cradle of the Sun』and PSG is its leader. It's the parent and core organization of the French Division.
– I asked Katya to send me the data. She took a sneak shot of them during the meeting with Lightning Empress.
A number of copies of images brought by Leshya were lined up on the table. Charles dinning with a displeasured face and ominous people who backed him were behind him.
Everyone wore jet-black hoods and masks of a goat's skeleton on their faces, they completely hid their identities.
This told him they were the members of a magic association, he came to understand and agreed that this was an anachronistic outfit.
– These guys are the core of the French Division, aren't they…?
Moroha sorted in his head for a moment.
The inquiry combined with the structure of the White Knight Organization he heard before.
– In other words… and to begin with, the magic association called『Cradle of the Sun』does exist, and although it looks strange for us, there are modernized magicians belonging to it who earn a living in finances and securities trading and Charles was their boss, right…? Then, at one point, the *metaphysical* appeared in France and Charles went to defeat it because there was no other choice. He cooperated with other countries and the creation of the White Knight Organization was decided and Charles launched the French Division with the subordinates of the『Cradle of the Sun』… correct?
Applause surged from Shizuno and Leshya.
It seemed that he wasn't wrong.
– A question remains even after my sorting is completed. You said that there were other magic associations besides『Cradle of the Sun』, didn't you? If so, then there's a group of *Kuroma* other than the White Knight Organization?
Leshya and Shizuno explained, taking turns.

– No. According to the official announcement of the French Division, 【Cradle of the Sun】is the only group of *Kuroma*, which is why they were able to embark on *metaphysical* extermination. Other magic associations are just groups that confusedly researched solid science and pointless *occult* stuff.
– Whoever the first PSG was, it seems that it was a *Kuroma* who could awaken by themselves? Since 【Cradle of the Sun】have been researching Dark Arts and the discovery of humans who have potential as a *Kuroma* uninterruptedly for hundreds of years, a group of *Kuromas* was formed nevertheless before the founding of the White Knight Organization——that's the historical background.
– Then the real magician group is just Charles and the others…?
– Yes. But, ironically,【Cradle of the Sun】appears to be the "heretic magicians" for other magic associations, you know?
– Eh? Why?
– For other associations, magic is science and the *occult*. As if those were the real thing. So, 【Cradle of the Sun】, which can create flames with Dark Arts without devices or sources is abnormal and heresy, don't you think?
– I see… That's certainly an ironic story.
And Charles had the ancient and honorable origin of being the 11th generation of Paris Saint-Germain.
Therefore, why he had the alias "The Legitimate Heretic Magician".
– Hmmm…
Moroha indulged in thought as he put his hand against his chin.
In the printed images, Charles had dinner with a surly face.
The same face towards everyone, even before Lightning Empress, even before Moroha.
That was an indication of having a core, a "self" worthy of being unshakable.
A proof that his character wasn't shallow.
He got that clearly when comparing him with the opposing Lightning Empress. A frivolous facial expression that felt like it flirted with men and that became loose during top-level meetings. It was often said that pictures were disconnected from reality to the point of being cruel.
(Charles Saint-Germain, huh…. He was a bothersome guy… but how does he live and what has he been able to accumulate, I wonder…?)
Moroha couldn't help but being unconsciously interested in him.
He looked at Charles in the image and the masked men who had no chinks.
History. Social Rules. Deep knowledge of Dark Arts.
Charles and his close aides had what the White Knight Organization didn't.
He felt a dreadfulness different from the Former Russia. *
*TN: Former Russia is the furigana reading for worst and most sinister.
– Could it be that Moroha is considering going to France?
Leshya's words brought his consciousness back to reality.

When he noticed——Leshya stared at him, her upturned eyes were full of suspicion.
– Are you hesitating? Why don’t you discuss it with us?
– I’m not going. I have no reason to go.
Moroha answered clearly.
Leshya immediately softened her look in the eyes and revealed a smile,
– I’m relieved to hear that. I’m determined to accompany Moroha wherever he goes, but I like this country called Japan and Akane Academy. I don’t want to go anywhere else if possible.
– I understand you. There are so many reasons to not go.
As he made Charles listen to him.
That man babbled something like『In that case, bring your family and your friends to France』, but that wasn’t entirely realistic.
He should have told that impatient man.
“Don’t talk so fast”.
– The biggest question is why PSG needs Moroha so much?
– He said something about human domination and this and that…
– When I heard that on the phone, I ended up doubting his sanity.
Extremists are famous even within the White Knight Organization for their intention of political power amplification, but I can’t believe they thought of doing such an outrageous thing.
– He’s just a strange guy, but I can’t see him as a guy who lost his mind…
When Moroha and Shizuno inclined their heads to the side together, Leshya interjected.
– PSG is just a short tempered, fastidious and arrogant man, though he was an honest person in the beginning.
– That “honest” you’re mentioning is…?
Moroha retorted and because Leshya thought out, looking grave, he prompted her, being flustered.
– PSG started talking about human domination 5 years ago.
– He’s been planning this since then? I didn’t know.
– Until then, and despite his eccentricity, he thought about saving the world by exterminating the *metaphysical* properly. I remember it well because only Russia was an extremist at the beginning of the founding of the White Knight Organization, he was isolated.
– … Then he suddenly changed 5 years ago?
– Yes. Russia didn’t catch hold of what happened to him. However, and all of a sudden, he wanted to contact Lightning Empress and offered and tried to plan human domination with her. Lightning Empress deemed it acceptable because she’s simply an incarnation of a lust for power, but I felt a somewhat tragic but heroic determination in what PSG had said. I never saw him as a man who lost reason.
Leshya selected one of the printed images.
A close-up of Charles’s facial expression during a dinner.
His usual displeasured face.

But, his blue eyes were impressive.
Filled with a strong discernment——but at the same time, they looked somewhat sad.
– A tragic but brave decision… huh.
Moroha understood when he heard so.
The rather stubborn-looking Charles didn't look like a lust for power was swelling within him at all, but if he was aiming for□human domination□which had an unspecified, incomprehensible and tragic-but-brave decision, he could understand. The uncomfortable feeling disappeared all of a sudden.
He got that when looking at Charles in this image.
This also seemed to be the truth of the moment when the photo was snipped.
– You know, I came to the conclusion that "maybe Charles is after my incantations and he began to say that so that I would teach him about them". But, I think he's not that sort of guy.
– I think so too. He never asked Lightning Empress "I wish you to teach me your incantations", but rather he seemed to avoid an incantation that needed a big compensation to use.
– I see…
He understood one thing but the mysteries ended up increasing by one again.
What happened 5 years ago that made Charles have a sudden change and pushed human domination on him?
– Every time I understand less and less…
– I'm sorry for not being able to give you advice well.
Shizuno put a hand on her cheek with a gloomy tone of voice and Leshya clouded her face.
– That's not true. I'm glad I could hear what type of guy Charles is. That guy, "I'll use whatever means□", "I'll summon you to France□", and so on, I'm just worried because he threatened me. He seems to be more rational than I thought, maybe needless anxiety is a good thing.
– Certainly, my knowledge about PSG is that he's not a person who would suddenly try to send out an assassin.
– Elena-san says so, but should we be relieved or smile wryly because of that?
– … Shizuno is a friend but a malicious one.
Leshya became sulky and turned her back on her, then put a gloomy cloud of *prana* on her shoulders.
– This is also a joke, okay? Anyways, shall we take a break? I'll get black tea. Accompanied with lots of grape jam.
– That's Russian style. I shall carry them.
Shizuno proposed while standing up and Leshya accompanied her while waging her tail.
– Elena-san likes sweets too?

– Of course. Satsuki said that girls who don’t like sweets don’t exist anywhere in the world.
The characteristic cheerful atmosphere of the girls disappeared as they entered the corridor.
Moroha thought with that scene just before his eyes.
(They totally became friends…. Or maybe she’s being led around by the nose…)
It was a hundred times better than having a cold quarrel.
Or maybe this was the amazingness of the tolerance the girl called Shizuno had.
Leshya seemed to be happy, that made him calm down when he saw her.
Moroha thought again.
In the end, I don’t want to go to France.

He returned from Shizuno’s house.
Moroha walked with Leshya on the asphalt road that zigzagged through the hill.
The way there was skipped with *Godlike Movement*, but the girl begged that she wanted to return slowly.
An “I beg you” from Leshya who didn’t demand too much from him, so she wanted him to grant her wish.
Cars occasionally went by, there was hardly any light or sound.
There was a crescent moon tonight, and its light was unreliable.
Because of that, Moroha walked as he looked up at the stars that were prettier than when looking at them in the city.
– Aren’t you cold, Leshya?
– I’m okay. This isn’t like the winter in Russia.
– Haha, you’re right. But I think that the way you walk is unusually strange.
The movement of her limbs was awkward.
– I ended up getting strongly conscious that it’s just the two of us in this darkness and silence.
– Haha, yeah, it’s just the two of us.
Moroha laughed because he was nervous about something strange.
– Once we descend the hill, it will be livelier even if it’s at this late hour.
– … It’s not like I don’t want to be just with you.
Leshya whispered.
It was a stiff tone of voice, but when he looked to the side, she seemingly pouted her lips. That was cute.
Moroha suddenly made up his mind while feeling amused.

– Speaking of lively, there will be a school festival soon, you know? We decided to run a coffee shop with *Strikers*. Would you join us, if you like? A request from me to everyone.
– Ah…
He proposed and Leshya hesitated to speak.
Her facial expression was slightly gloomy.
– You don't feel like it?
– That's not it. I want to do it, if possible…
– What is it, then?
– Uh…
Leshya hesitated to speak again.
On the contrary, she actually looked away to the back.
And perspired cold sweat.
– Ummm… I don't want to invite you if you don't want to, if you have any circumstances, I think that's okay…?
Moroha felt like she was torturing herself somehow, so he said as if intervening.
– … It's very difficult to bring it up.
– I'm not going to get angry, you know.
– Really?
– I swear by the gods of heaven and earth.
Leshya, who placed her trust in Moroha as he intentionally tapped his chest exaggeratedly, spoke frankly and nervously.
– My class is going to run a coffee shop at the school festival too…
– Ah!
He quickly realized and clapped his hands together.
Moroha's class was subconsciously forgotten because they came to the conclusion that they weren't going to do any performance.
But if it was Leshya's class, then it was possible that they would do something properly.
– I enrolled… a month ago… and finally… everyone in my class… started to talk to me recently…. So… I too… was glad that I could do… something with all my classmates…. But… that also means betraying Moroha… and that I will be against you… if only I could split… my body into two…
– No no, this isn't a matter of life and death.
Moroha waved his hands from left to right.
– If Moroha says it, I'm prepared to turn my back on my classmates…
– No no, a critical preparation like that isn't needed.
Moroha waved his hands from left to right.
– … D-does that mean that you're abandoning me…?
The confused Leshya shifted her attention to him as if clinging to him.
– No, I don't mean that. Rather, it pleases me that Leshya has more friends now. I'd like Satsuki-san to do the same.
Moroha patted her back lightly to cheer her up.

– I’m not going anywhere, but running a coffee shop and honoring your class happens only once in a lifetime. I think you’ll definitely have fun.*
*TN: Not sure what “I’m not going anywhere” means here.
When Moroha said so, Leshya stopped walking suddenly.
He turned just his neck as he thought in puzzlement.
Leshya had accumulated lots of tears in the outer corner of her eyes.
– Me too! I’m so happy that Moroha said that!
Immediately after that, she clung to him from behind.
The slender arms of Leshya twined around the nape of Moroha’s neck.
A warm sensation and a fierce throbbing clung to his back, making him forget the chilliness of the autumn night.
– You’re exaggerating.
– I’m not. How much shines this deep emotion that fills my heart? If I can open it and show it to you, I’m sure you’ll be able to understand it too.
– That’s why I said that manner of speaking is too exaggerated.
Lehya’s cheeks rubbed against the area near Moroha’s nape, her long breaths passed near his ears, but not enough to tickle him.
– Come on, let’s go back.
– I refuse. I feel like I want to stay like this.
– We have a spoiled child here, huh.
– I don’t want to let you go no matter how much you laugh at me.
– Okay, okay. Should we return by carrying you on my back?
Moroha turned his arms to this back with a bitter smile.
– In other words, your ulterior motive is “to want to rub my butt and thighs”?
– You’re ruining my good intentions?
– But I know. I heard that all Japanese boys only think of lewd stuff. That’s a healthy thing. I’m in no way disdaining Moroha for thinking about lewd stuff.
– … By the way, where did you hear that?
– ? Of course from the gentleman of□5ch□, why?
– … Those guys aren’t a good example.
– My seriousness is misunderstood as stubbornness, but I do understand this. That’s why I want Moroha to rub me without worries. I want this lucky lecher to enjoy himself.
– Sorry. I’ll walk and drag you at this rate, so cling to me until you’re satisfied. Okay?
– Thank you. I’ll take advantage of those words.
Moroha began to walk, dumbfounded.
Leshya never released her arms as her feet were dragged along slowly.
One dragged along and the other was being dragged.
A test of endurance to see who gave up first.
But Leshya was so obstinate that in the end she clung all the way to the women’s dormitory.

# Chapter 4: Les Éléments

They were an unconventional group.
Their height and physique didn’t match, but everyone wore jet-black robes, hoods and hid their faces with masks modeled after a goat’s skull.
They walked in line without making any noise.
No one spoke either.
Only an old woman, who felt similar to a dead tree and was at the front, had her face visible. She sounded the bell she had in hand as she walked.
**Bell*…. *Bell*….*
As if the sound of the lonely bell resounded from the depths of hell.
Such a bizarre group advanced right in the middle of the pedestrian traffic at noon.
The city was dyed with a strange atmosphere.
But the strangest thing was——that not even a single person shifted their attention to the group.
No one found it weird. No one was surprised. No one pointed at them.
Like the march of the dead outside of the hours intended for it.
A person disrupted the pace.
They suddenly separated from the line and turned away to the side.
A parent and their child were waiting for the traffic light in their direction.
The very young boy sobbed and shouted loudly.
– Okaa-san! Okaa-san! Those are ghosts!
He screamed as if catching fire.
His fingertip was clearly pointing to the strange group.
The mother didn’t see anything.
She was at a loss and confused by the reaction of her son who suddenly fell into panic.
The person who separated from the line went straight towards the boy.
The terrifying ghost approached and the boy finally began to feel attracted to it.
And, ——
The ghost stopped walking.
And put a finger on the terrifying mask and slowly took it off in front of the boy.
A woman with a beautiful curly beige hair showed her face from below that.

The boy immediately stopped crying since it benefited him.
The mother seemed to be getting more amazed, but her eyes were glued to the beautiful woman.
– You can see us, can’t you?
The beautiful woman asked with a soft voice.
The boy nodded nervously.
– I see——it means you are a *Savior*.
The beautiful woman smiled amicably and the boy responded with a smiling face without understanding the reason.
– Well, will you do a promise with Onee-san? If you have mysterious dreams in the future and you are worried about them, visit France. 「Cradle of the Sun」will welcome you.
The words of the beautiful woman were difficult; the boy inclined his head to the side in doubt.
– It is fine if you do not understand it now. Just remember it when the time comes. This is a good luck charm for that.
The delicate fingers of the beautiful woman touched the boy’s chest.
And the woman wrote characters on the body of the boy with her index finger as she was.
Traces of light were drawn on the clothes and ancient magic characters were written.
– Yes, we are done. It did not hurt, right?
When the spelling finished, the beautiful woman patted the boy’s head.
Then she parted from the shy boy, looking happy and returned to the line of ghosts.
「Chloe——」
Her name was called by a conspicuously tall man.

「A solicitation to come to Japan, huh? I'm so excited」
They said in French.
A white man with a splendid aquiline nose took his mask off dignifiedly and turned up.
「That's great, isn't it? 「Don't let it stagnate. Harvest new blood and mix it」 Just as Charles-sama taught us」
A black man, who was next to them and also took his mask off, turned up.
「Nobody seems to know where or what ghost-like *Saviors* are sleeping. Just like me, kahaha」
Another person took his mask off, a cheerful dandy with an olive-brown tanned skin turned up.
「My apologies for cutting into the conversaaation. I think this is exactly what Haaaaimura said. I wonder if Japan is a location famous for the production of *Saaaaviors*. My apologies if I'm mistaaaaaken. But Andou and Shiva are Japanese, aren't theeey? I wouldn't rely on something like a lifeboat, but I think the one Chloe-san called out to is correeect, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sooorryyy」
Another person took the mask off; a dark skinned woman began to cry gloomily.
「Heh. Stop joking around. Is there a limit to new blood? I'm absolutely against even Asians getting in the splendorous「Cradle of the Sun」」
Another person took off his mask; a young white man with drooping eyes and whose face incarnated arrogance turned up.
The reactions of the five people.
The beautiful woman called Chloe,
「My bad for disturbing the line. If Charles-sama were to be here, I am sure he would have done the same thing, just, now…」
She explained and apologized for her grandstand play.
Most of her companions forgave her with a nod, only the man with drooping eyes spat out「Heh, don't go borrowing Charles-sama's authority, you deceiver」with a low voice.

Every person who formed this line were *Dark Saviors*, the heart and core of the French Division.
The close aides who supported the 11th Paris Saint-Germain.
The best pupils of the magic association「Cradle of the Sun」.
The dark-side Templar knights who turned their wisdom and *mana* into swords.
They were called「Les Éléments」*.
*TN: The elements.
Especially the six people including Chloe who took their masks off, they were A-Rank experts.

「You guys, this is not the place to be chattering. We've arrived」

Chloe and the others shut up as they were reprimanded by the old woman who walked at the front.
A 20-storey building with somewhat stained white walls was on their path.
□□□□ □□□□□□□□was written at the entrance in katakana*.
*TN: It says: Hotel Newcastle.
□Hey, hey… Stop joking around. Charles-sama is staying in this worn-out hotel? Who was the one who arranged it?□
□Chloe and Émilienne I think□
□I had no time because Charles-sama told us all of a suddeeen. I'm sorry, I'm soorryy□
□Well, that person being selfish and a bother is something habitual. There's nothing we can do about it□
□Is this the best hotel around here? It's been completely reserved, so it won't be an inconvenience when it comes to space at least□
□That's why I said to not chatter. I'm exasperated by you lot, you know?□
They went through the entrance in succession, following the old woman who scolded them.
The employee at the reception desk didn't notice the presence of Chloe and the others.
The subordinates left the lobby and the old woman with Chloe and the others got in the elevator for staff only.
They gallantly threw off their robes with the exception of the old woman.
The costume that appeared from below that was also jet black.
They wore sabers on their waists that matched their business suits.
The whole top floor became a single suite.
There was a lobby for exclusive use to the suite as soon as they got out of the elevator, three domestically-produced high quality sofas shaped like a C surrounded a glass table and their master spread an English-language newspaper on the front one.
Charles couldn't wait for the elevator doors to open as he shook his legs unconsciously,
□You're late. Don't keep me waiting□
He reprimanded them, looking ill humored.
Chloe and the others looked at each other's face, saying "good grief!". All of them had written□I thought he would say that□on their faces, there was no person who reconsidered so.
□There was nothing we could do. Since Charles-sama made us leave the country all at once with that same face from the beginning, he did not give instructions to those who remained there. We would be troubled even if we were told that one or two days earlier. It is impossible□
Chloe explained on behalf of everyone how troublesome it was.

No, it was more a retort than an excuse, but Charles just snorted with a□Humph□ looking uninterested and didn't say anything else.
Naturally, Chloe wasn't going to be——punished by incurring his rage.

When Charles messily folded the newspaper and threw it,
「Hey. How long are you going to stand still? Can't you start talking?」
He glared at the close aides.
Chloe and the rest looked at each other's face again and confirmed the characters『How bothersome』written there and sat down on the sofas one after another.
The hotel had a modern interior design.
As if young company directors served a young businessman.
It was a conference room for venture business, but this was the royal court of a modern magic association.
「So, are the negotiations with Haimura doing well?」
The big man with aquiline nose Zlatan confirmed the current situation first.
Charles suddenly started talking about going to Japan, and his subordinates rushed out without delay by themselves without having the time to put preparations and arrangements in order. Three days had passed since that day.
This impatient master of them.
Anyone could predict that when he arrived in Japan he went to see Haimura Moroha.
「What a foolish question. Does it look like it's going smoothly?」
Charles became sulkier.
「Kahaha, this is the stubbornness of Zlatan's boss. If it were going well, you would have returned with Haimura-chan without meeting us」
「Don't laugh. Your laughter irritates me」
「It's been three days since I saw the displeasured face of Charles-sama, what a sight for sore eyes! Kahahaha」
The cheerful dandy Dario laughed off with excitement.
Charles had an even sour expression now.
「I'm sorryyy. I actually thought it was absolutely impossible to negotiate the solicitation with Charles-samaaaaa」
「Should I go instead of you tomorrow? Don't bother him too much and don't make this more complicated」
Charles glared at the gloomy weeping woman Émilienne and the black young man Blaise who said so,
「Can I trust you? Even though I bowed my head… the seventh person turned me down with an impudent attitude, of all things. Will I forget this humiliation?」
He shook with rage, shook his legs even more violently and pushed the table.
Chloe and the rest looked at each other's face.
All of them had written『He never pulls back, huh』there.
However, Charles didn't notice at all the look of the subordinates and continued.
「It's decided. No matter how strong he is, he's a brat who doesn't understand the principle of things. After all, he wasn't an adult who would

understand the means called negotiations. As for the children, they do what their child company tells them」
Charles declared annoyed as if spitting out.
Chloe was frightened.
“No way, that, already?” Her mind was confused.
Charles’s hasty decisions weren’t something new, but everything had its limits.
「Please wa――」
Chloe remonstrated,
「*Phew!* I was waiting to take you at your word」
She was disturbed by the whistle of the young man with drooping eyes Charon who lied on his back with legs outstretched on the sofa.
「You’re skipping Plan B and C and you’re going with D already? I’m going to enjoy myse――」
「Please wait, Charles-sama!」
This time, Chloe interrupted Charon’s words and shouted.
「Plan D is the last resort! A plan we should avoid as much as possible!」
「It’s as Chloe says. It will become a full-scale conflict with the Japanese Division. No, on the contrary, if we do a bad move, we’ll be isolated in the White Knight Organization and we’ll face a barrage of criticism. As I said, please don’t bother him and make things worse than this, alright?」
Blaise immediately endorsed her.
But Charon peeled his eyes and ranted.
「Will you stop fooling around!? We’re isolated long ago when Lightning Empress downheartedly surrendered to Haimura! If that’s the case, then what happens around us has nothing to do with us, so we should do as we like, shouldn’t we? Don’t take the situation so lightly!」
「In the first place, being told that losing your allies is the same thing as a dilemma towards resentment」
Zlatan rebutted full of confidence and without wavering like a rock.
「No boss, how about this? If it’s about discussing, then we’ve never had allies in the first place, or we have them? 「We」are」us」, Even the French Division is strictly speaking our limbs but not our friend」
Dario boasted as he perfumed himself,
「That’s right. You beat me to it」
Zlatan assented solemnly.
「The old woman’s opinion is… the same as usual?」
「Why do you say that? I’m a worthless prophet. Prophecies aren’t opinions, and you know that」
「Émilianne?」
「I’m soorryyy. If Charles-sama says it, I’ll fight anyone without hesitaaation」
「Everyone except the old woman and Blaise agrees with Plan D…」
Chloe felt like her stomach became cold.
Without anyone meeting each other’s gaze, the discussion ended like this.

Even Blaise, who opposed it together with her from a while ago, showed a behavior that said that he would follow the majority.
The dispute would begin from this moment, everyone stayed calm with a daring expression even though they didn't know what kind of controversy the「Cradle of the Sun」would be thrown into.
She had no choice.
Chloe moved her neck to the left and right and prepared herself for the worst.
「This is so counterproductive… please reconsider it, Charles-sama」
She left her seat, kneeled at her master's feet and appealed directly as if imploring.
「I know that Charles-sama came to Japan with his memories catching at a straw. But avoidable conflicts should be definitely avoided」
– Why? I'm not afraid of anything. It doesn't matter what means I use or if I'm slandered as a demon, I'll absolutely get Flavie back.
「You will use any means!? Even if you rescue her, Flavie herself will not be pleased」
「Mu…」
Charles, who heard the complaint, put a sour expression on his face.
A face that meant she hit the mark instead of being displeased. And this.
「Heh, This deceiver is now borrowing the name of Flavie?」
「Shut up, Charon!」
Chloe turned around and fixedly stared at the young man with drooping eyes.
Then turned around to Charles,
「Please. Please let me negotiate. I will definitely get Haimura to nod yes」
She appealed with a greater resolution in her eyes.
Being despised as an extremist, challenging the hopeless and next-to-impossible human domination, dirtying his hands little by little every day and trying to thrust his hands into the fire for his loved one again——if all this was Charles's readiness.
Then Chloe's oath was to try keeping his hands clean even if a little.
This was her atonement because she couldn't do anything that horrible night five years ago.
「Hmm」
Charles closed his eyes and snorted, looking displeasured.
「I won't. I hate wasting my time」
「Charles-sama!」
「So, make it succeed at once」
「…. Thank you very much」
Chloe had no intention of prolonging the negotiations from the beginning.
Although they left people who could be trusted in their country, it was way too unreliable to keep such a distinguished main force that included Charles in Japan indefinitely.

It would become a big issue if a dreadnought or fortress *metaphysical* were to appear in France, and given that they have appeared quite frequently these days——two in Japan and one in Russia ——it was dangerous.
「I don't want your thanks. Go quickly」
Charles waved his hand as if driving a dog away.
However, Chloe got to the elevator in high spirits, her mood wasn't damaged at all.
She passed in front of Charon and,
「Heh, interesting, isn't it? Isn't Charles-sama being too soft with this deceiver?」
A snide comment hit her.
「You feel like complaining about Charles-sama's decision?」
「Heh. It's just that you borrow someone's authority every single time, it sickens me」
「Take it easy. We can relax for a while, so let's drink Japanese sake. Come on, now you go, Chloe-chan」
Dario nicely controlled Charon. Chloe nodded and got in the elevator.
「The boy is called Haimura, he was born with a terribly strong, brazen and misfortunate fate. Never look down on him」
「Understood. Thank you, baba-sama」*
*TN: Baba means old woman.
Chloe looked for the figure of her master just before the elevator doors closed.
She concluded that Charles maybe went back to his bedroom.
(I will certainly make you meet with Flavie again)
Chloe swore once again without him knowing.

Moroha had a dream.

His beloved little sister said in his chest.
– Are you… really going to inherit Saratiga…?
Flaga responded while hugging her closer.
– I decided that a long time ago. Don't make me say it again and again.
The moonlight flowed in through the window.
To the dark room.
It made the silhouettes of the two who embraced each other stand out.
– Becoming the protector of the holy sword means that one is no longer a person, isn't it? Does it mean that Flaga stopped being Flaga?

– Even you have that imposing image, isn't that right, young woman of the holy sword-sama? But no matter what others say, Sarasha is Sarasha for me.
– I just have to stand and laugh in front of everyone. But that's not the same for the protector of the holy sword, is it? You stand in hellish extremely dangerous places and keep fighting without being allowed to rest, right?
– That's the best, you know?
– Why…?
Flaga boldly smiled at her.
– Because I can protect your freedom without being molested, you know?
His little sister listened and leaned her face on his chest as if hanging her head.
Then with a dispirited voice,
– I imagine that it's so difficult that you want to cry?
– But you'll comfort me like this, won't you?
– But not that we shall never cry in public?
– I'll just cry next to you and you'll just cry next to me. Hadn't always been that way since Haha-ue died? Isn't it the same?
*TN: Haha-ue is a formal way to address one's mother.
– I don't want Nii-sama… to be a protector. I want you to live in peace…
– I don't need peace. I want to become a protector and always be with you.
The slender body of his little sister trembled in his arms.
Her raptured and shaking eyes stared at Flaga standing out in the darkness.
– I… I'm beyond salvation… I love you, Nii-sama.
– I've been beyond salvation since a long time ago too.
Flaga closed his eyes and softly kissed her lips.

Flaga's dream was interrupted right there and Moroha awakened.

The sensation of Flaga rapidly became distant as the sleepiness faded.
But instead, he realized that a soft sensation was touching his head.
It was a small hand.
A gallant manner of using that hand that caressed Moroha's head all this time.
– Hmm…
Moroha vacantly opened his eyelids.
His roommate Maya was in front of him.
She kneeled next to the bed and caressed his head all this time.
– What is it…?
– Moroha had a nightmare, so I was worried desu.
– Me…?
– You were muttering something and your face seemed to be happy and sad desu.
——Seemed to be happy and sad.
That was exactly the kind of dream he was having.

– I see. Maya is so kind.
He thanked her and grabbed the hand that was caressing him. Maya smiled like an angel.
– What time is it now?
– It’s not 10 am yet desu. You will be in time for the appointment even if you get up slowly desu.
– 10 am?
Moroha jumped up with futon and all. He planned to get up at 8 am today, even though it was Sunday.
How long was the nightmare he was having? How long was Maya caressing his head?
Moroha was full of guilty.
However, with that same angelic smile she had, and without being worried at all,
– Good morning nanodesu, Moroha.
Maya said and **smack**, kissed Moroha’s cheek.

– Good morning, Maya.
Moroha returned the favor and kissed Maya's cheek.
This was their morning greeting.
He was surprised at first when Maya badged him, but he was told that this was normal at Maya's home and the principal's, so in the end, it became their daily routine.
He wasn't that much against it, rather, he was scared because it seemed he would end up becoming aware of Maya as a girl.
Now he completely got used to this greeting and he could greet her every day with a calm feeling.
Tee-hee, the two smiled at each other.
Moroha got out of the bed and headed to the washbasin.
Because he had an appointment with Satsuki, Shizuno and the others before 12 o'clock, he had no time for breakfast.
He brushed his teeth with a shiny and new cup and brush placed on the washbasin.
Maya always kept them clean.
They said that cleaning would be done alternately by the two of them, but,
– Moroha has school and *Striker*'s special practices are towards the end of the day, so it's complicated for you nanodesu. That's why leave aaall these kind of things to Maya who has no school and so much free time that she feels she would die desu.
Maya stubbornly didn't ask him.
He washed his face, wiped it with a soft and brand new towel provided next to the washbasin.
When he returned to the room in a refreshed mood, Maya had took out the ironing board and removed the wrinkles of the shirt that Moroha was going to wear today.
She was so admirable, he was moved to tears.
– You always save me, Maya-san.
Moroha joked and pressed the inner corner of his eyes,
– That's a secret between us nanodesu, Moroha-san.
Maya also did the same.
The two people chuckled at each other. Then they prepared for departure.
Maya was supposed to go out with him, so they changed their clothes.
– Are those new clothes?
– Mari-onee-chan bought me these yesterday desu.
She wore an extremely mini dress on top of leggings and a frilled blouse.
However, Maya struggled to fasten the button on the back of the dress that was just bought so Moroha fastened it.
– Does it suit me?
Maya spun like a fairy.
The hem of the skirt fluttered daringly because it was extremely short, but there was no problem because she had leggings below that.

– It does. The collaboration between cuteness and liveliness is great.
He replied frankly and Maya showed a smile on her whole face.
Finally, Maya stored the growing crystal that decorated the place next to the TV in a pocket and now she was ready to go.
They locked the room and went out together.

– Now that I think about it, you're unusually wearing leggings. Why is that?
– Because they feel incredibly good desu!
Moroha gave Maya a ride on his shoulders as they left the dorm and walked on a public road.
– Oh woow, so this is how tall people look desu.
Maya was in a joyful mood.
– There's no way this is your first time someone gives you a ride on their shoulders, is it?
– Maya's father was very, very weak so he didn't do it anymore once I was 4 years old desu. I almost don't remember it nanodesu.
He certainly needed strength.
– … Were you thinking now… that Maya is heavy?
– Hmm, who knooowws? Maya had seconds during dinner yesterday.
– T-that's the hearty appetite of a growing child, I can't help it desu. Even girls have second helpings desu.
Maya hit his head many times but it didn't hurt because she had no strength, she was so cute.
– It's a joke. You aren't heavy at all, well, maybe just a bit? I'll give you shoulder rides from now on.
– … Is Maya the replacement of a scarf or something?
They went to the station while chatting childishly like that.
From today and every day of the week until the school festival, they decided to practice for the coffee shop.
They could do minimal preparations, but doing something was better than nothing.
They secured a location and could cook with a great number of people. It seemed that the church, which were friends with Sophia, had a large kitchen, and they decided to lend their place in exchange for voluntary service such as helping with cleaning and distribution of rice after an emergency.
For the time being, they decided to divide into a shopping group and a cleaning group, and Satsuki, the original proposer, was the leader of the shopping group. Moroha and Shizuno were also in the shopping group.
That was why he went to the meeting place in front of the station ——or so he intended, when he was suddenly called out.
– Are you Haimura Moroha?
The first intersection after he left the dormitory.
A woman, who leaned on the postbox, straightened herself as soon as she saw Moroha's face.

A white woman with an impressive, rich, curly and beige hair.
She was in her mid-twenties.
A beautiful woman who seemed to be a model working for an elegant fashion magazine.
「Who are you?」
– I'm Chloe Jallet. Call me Chloe.
He asked in English but she replied back in fluent Japanese.
– You could tell that I am a top brass of the French Division? I am sorry for being like this as if I were to ambush you. And for visiting you so suddenly. I could not get an appointment because I did not know your contact address. Besides, if a beautiful woman were to visit your dormitory, you would end up standing out and that would be a problem for you, don't you agree?
The woman named Chloe made herself seem like she was kidding.
When he heard "French Division", Moroha took Maya down from his shoulders and stood in front of her.
However, he didn't take a stronger imposing attitude
He grasped that this woman called Chloe was a polite and decent person based on what he heard now.
Unlike that guy who came from somewhere and all of a sudden, saying「Don't keep me waiting」.
– I want to talk about something important. Do you have a minute?
– I'm sorry. I have matters to attend now.
Moroha followed the etiquette and replied, adjusting his tone of voice.
– Then let's do this another day, can you tell me when you are free?
Moroha thought for a while what he was asked with a serious expression.
– Is it perhaps to talk about the scouting stuff again? If so, then I'm sorry, but I turned it down already.
– This is why I am asking you. I want you to listen to me. Only once will suffice.
Moroha thought what he was supplicated as he scratched his head with a serious expression.
He felt something like anxious signs from Maya's hands that clung to him.
Maybe Chloe would visit him nonstop to have a talk.
And each time she would make someone near him nervous just like her.
He was really sorry for that.
– Will this really be the last time?
– Yes, I promise. This person from the White Knight Organization promises it to the S-Rank.
She expressed exaggeratedly, but this time she didn't give an air of a joke.
Chloe nodded with a grave expression.
– I understand. Then let's get this done.
It was better to solve it now rather than being followed around all the time.
Moroha thought so, informed to Chloe and called Shizuno with his cell phone.
「Hello? Did something happen?」

– Something small popped up and I can’t go with you. I’m sorry, but can you explain it to everyone?
「By「everyone「you mean「Ranjou-san」, right?」
As expected of Shizuno-san, she knew him very well.
「She’s really looking forward to setting the coffee shop with you. If she were to know you can’t come, she’ll cry, you know? It’ll be a tough task to calm her」
– What should I do to repay you…?
「Just listening to those words is enough?」
As expected of Shizuno-san, she didn’t request things so easily.
“It will be a huge price to pay”, Moroha had no other person to rely on as he thought so.
– … Please.
「Moroha doesn’t rely on other women but me, yes?」
– Eh?
*「*Call ended*——*Tsuu*, *Tsuu*, *Tsuu*」*
As expected of Shizuno-san, she was perceptive.
She didn’t grasp the contents of this “minor business”, did she?
– Shall we go, Chloe-san?
– You are sweating too much, but… will you use this?
– No, don’t worry about me.
Chloe offered a handkerchief, but Moroha declined.
– Is Maya going to return to the dormitory?
– I will accompany Moroha desu (smiley face).
– Nice. Do you want to eat delicious food with Onee-san?
Moroha was a bit troubled when he saw Chloe, who kneeled to match her eyes with Maya’s, laugh free from worries.
(She truly doesn’t seem to be a bad person…)
Rather, if someone like Charles would have come, it would have been easier to turn them down.
Moroha, who saw Maya and Chloe beginning a light friendly chat instead of greetings, moved his eyes to the station and looked at it for a while.
A desolated autumn breeze blew through and shook his bangs.
(I’m sorry, I can’t go with you, Satsuki)
Satsuki was certainly looking forward to preparing the coffee shop.
Until she were told by Shizuno.
Even Moroha was looking forward to it.
Besides——was it because of what he was dreaming this morning?
He wanted to see Satsuki’s smile and wanted to meet her, he felt so bad.
(I’ll properly speak with Chloe-san to avoid future troubles, so forgive me, alright?)
Then he would go to Satsuki hurriedly.
Joining her in the middle of that was fine too.

Moroha decided so, severed the lingering affection that told him he wanted to meet her right now and that throbbed in his chest and started walking, prompting Chloe.

– Is this place okay? Or do we enter a store?
Moroha shook his head in denial to the confused Chloe.
– “There’s no such thing as a free lunch”, it’s what my aunt taught me.
They faced each other on the bench of a small park in the neighborhood.
Recently, kids preferred to enjoy themselves with games so there was no one here. They spotted it while passing by.
– Err… Does the Ojou-chan eat anything sweet? Shall I buy something? *
*TN: Ojou means little girl in this context and kanji used.
– There’s no such thing as a free lunch desu (smiley face).
Moroha patted the head of the orikou-san who was sat between his knees.
*TN: Orikou means well-behaved child/pet.
– You sure are dependable, aren’t you?
Chloe consented as she smiled wryly.
A chilly wind blew fiercely in the three-person park.
The uninhabited playground equipment.
The engine sounds of cars that passed by the neighborhood were heard fading.
Chloe by no means brought up the topic.
She looked like she was thinking “from where should I start?” as she peeked at the expression of Moroha that she met for the first time.
– Your Japanese is very good, you know? Are you a negotiator?
He didn’t intend to give her a hand, but he got tired of being in silence, so Moroha talked to her.
– Charles also used it, but in his case, establishing a conversation doesn’t have another meaning, does it?
– Bu————
Chloe burst into laughter and covered her mouth with both hands in panic.
She thought that it was a perfectly fitting phrase, but she shouldn’t laugh because it was about her master, she resisted as her stomach hurt.
(Oh…?)
On the contrary, he blinked his eyes.
How should he put it? It was an unexpected reaction.
Moroha was under the impression that Charles oppressed his subordinates with fear like Lightning Empress, but Chloe’s reaction——felt a bit relaxed towards Charles.
If it were the former Russia, then the other person who heard a funny story of her master would have shrunk back in fear and withered.
– I- I am sorry.
Chloe wiped the outer corner of her eyes while still looking amused and explained.

– Do you know that we are magicians? Language is important in black magic. It is one of the mysterious culminations, you see? That is why I am not special, if you are a magician, you will learn tons of languages: Shintoism, Japanese-style Onmyodo and Mikkyo, Shugendo――so it is natural to be well versed in Japanese language which is the nucleus of those and many others.
– But Chloe-san is a *Kuroma*, isn't she? Dark Arts are different from black magic. Don't you think that it's a waste to be well versed in Japanese unrelated to Dark Arts?
– I don't think so. Don't you know? We, all the *Dark Saviors* of the□Cradle of the Sun□ , use Japanese when chanting.
– Really?
Moroha unconsciously exchanged glances with Maya.
Maya also had her eyes rounded.
– Why? Isn't that pointless? Shouldn't it be better to do it in French?
In order to use Dark Arts, *Kuromas* followed 2 required steps.
First: to spell ancient magic characters.
This one was absolutely essential, one had to accurately put the spell as it was stipulated into written form.
Second: A strong image for the miracle to trigger.
The stronger the image, the greater the effect.
*Kuromas* chanted a spell, a spelling which was done for the reinforcement of the image. This was an extreme argument: it could be done in any language and if one decreased the efficacy, it could be abbreviated.*
*TN: Efficacy is the furigana reading for image.
But naturally, Moroha, who was a *Kuroma*, knew that,
– On Earth, there is no complex and abstruse language that can express fine nuances like Japanese. That is why there is no language more suitable for image reinforcement than Japanese.
Chloe's explanation was an unnecessary principle that Moroha didn't know and wasn't worried about because he was Japanese.
– So you don't know what's useful for Dark Arts?
– It has been our frequent topic since long ago, you know? If Andou, a Japanese with native Japanese language, were a *Dark Savior*, who knows how stronger he would become as a caster, but if we talk――
Chloe, who ended up talking so lively, suddenly realized that and held her tongue.
– I am sorry. My words ended up deviating too much. I do not know the reason where tis topic came from.
She really looked embarrassed.
– But I'd like to hear that story more?
– Impossible. I would like to get straight to the point.
Chloe slipped out one last chuckle, then coughed and put a serious face.
Moroha felt a bit disappointed.

– “Why do we want to invite Haimura Moroha to France?” It is what you are thinking, but I would like you to listen to the real reason for that.
Chloe said so and casted down her long eyelashes.
– This is a painful story for me to remember. Yes, it was five years ago——

# Chapter 5: Paris Saint-Germain

A wonderful metropolis.
Contrary to the image that came to mind from its nickname, Paris was one of the most economical cities in Europe, the transportation facilities were congested every day and “Parisian” was the synonym of impatient people.
An extremely chaotic city.
Especially La Défense, located in the northwestern part of the city, it was a business district that developed drastically over the last decades. In the present time, it had a super modern scenery with the skyscrapers standing in a line, crushing the image of a traditional Paris to an extreme level.
In this city, where many global companies had their parent company, the building that ought to be called the organizational headquarters of Cradle of the Sun stood towering over the area.
The dull colored building that felt the ages was surrounded by brand new silver buildings, standing out even more. However, because it predicted the development of the city earlier than anything else, it was the proof that it settled down before anyone else. Its dignified posture brought about an appearance like it made the youngsters serve it.
And Charles’s office was on the top office of that building.
Actually, inside of it, there was a bar counter installed, the room was so wide that even cocktail parties were thrown.
It had a modern and chic interior design.
And a panoramic view beyond the glass windows that occupied half of the walls.
It was very difficult to believe this was the office of the head of a Magic Association.
Charles liked to sprawl on the sofa and overlook the city in a corner of the room. He felt like he could affirm what he gained in a life of strife after strife.
The head in his tender age of 20, clad in the dignity of a veteran who lived twice his age, kept admiring the scenery outside the window calmly.
The lights of the building, the lights of the houses, the lights of the cars——
The countless lights turned on; what a gorgeous and dazzling night view of Paris.
– Don’t you get tired of it?

Charles got up and received the glass as he replied to the words of the beautiful black woman who brought a cocktail from the counter.
– Look. These large amounts of cars are in a hurry. Many people live fast for the sake of their goals and the various expectations in their hearts. The roads are blood vessels, the cars are the blood, the arteries of Paris are flooded with vitality, but…. I like the city and its scenery.
– Are you a poet now? If everyone were to hear you, they would open their eyes wide in surprise.
– Worry not. I won't say these embarrassing things unless I'm in front of you.
– If you want, you should whisper a poem of love as well.
– Nonsense. How am I going to do something embarrassing like that?
– Is that a yes or no? You're really a bothersome person. Fufu.
– My bad.
When Charles let the glass to meet his surly face, the beautiful woman smiled and sat down next to him.
The charming woman had finely chiseled features that felt similar to a splendid flower.
Her name was Flavie Sako.
She was a five-year-old business partner, a master of magic, a comrade in arms with whom won through power struggles, the right arm of□Cradle of the Sun□, the vice-head of the French Division and above all else, his fiancé who vowed each other the future.
– Remember. How many years took me to make this scenery my own? If I don't rely on its charm and look at it twice at least, then I won't get back what I invested.
– You have such a narrow mind, still, you're cute.
Flavie kissed Charles's hair with her lips wet with alcohol.
It felt embarrassing and lovely.
Charles thought back upon absentmindedly as he overlooked the flow of cars that felt like a fast-forward video.
Charles lived in Paris, he was the third son of a very ordinary family.
He didn't remember the face of his parents anymore. He was noticed and adopted by the previous Saint-Germain at the age of 7, then received the basics of magic.
Hundreds of years have passed since□Cradle of the Sun□was formed.
The organization became stiff with conservatism and authority, so it innovated, and the will of the first generation head degenerated to then be forgotten.
Originally, the abilities of the *magicians* were not inherited. Despite that, whenever they discovered children with the qualities of a *magician,* and accepted them by adopting them, family lineages not tied by blood were made, family lineages in name but not in reality were made, a lineage was made, and the absurd group, that competed having an ancient and honorable origin among the associations, degenerated. *

*TN: Magicians is the furigana reading for Dark Saviors.
Charles was a direct descendant of his predecessor.
His most precious lineage was revered since childhood.
Actually, his talent for Dark Arts was by far the best, they entrusted their future with him.
However, the person in question went mad at the age of 13.
No——what happened was that he was born again, a turning point had arrived.
One day, Charles, who headed to the vault to procure an elixir under the order of his foster father Guy, met Flavie who was just on control duty that day.
Charles was a boy in the middle of puberty, the beauty of her physical appearance was noticeable, he couldn't help but feel attracted to her.
Though it wasn't to the degree of calling it first love, he felt his chest throbbed.
After that, he would go to see Flavie without being seen by his foster father again and again. It was simple at first, his intention was「beautiful Onee-san」, but he gradually was attracted by her gentle and sincere personality, her hidden intelligence and her deep knowledge of Dark Arts. He became aware of a new charm every time he saw her, and became a victim of love.
However, at that time, that was a love not allowed in「Cradle of the Sun」.
This ridiculous organization, which was obsessed with tradition and authority, looked down on non-white people with French nationality from the time of his grandparents.
They gathered the ones who had the qualities of a *magician,* but put them in the lowest class of the organizational hierarchy. It was a worthless tradition.
When Charles met Flavie, he realized that foolishness and worthlessness.
In addition to her, he got to know powerful *magicians* such as Zlatan, Blaise, Dario and Émilienne among the despised ones that stayed in the same level of class in great numbers and who were put in the roles of close aides in the present.
Therefore, Charles followed his own sense of justice and his love for Flavie ——and rose in revolt.
– Don't let it stagnate. Harvest new blood and mix it.
He led those who continued being oppressed by the slogan, continued fighting with the conservatives led by his foster father Guy, and after about 4 years of conflict, he made the old blood yield head-on with his strength.
All those who didn't surrender, including his foster father Guy who was the symbol of the former power, were purged.
That was how he achieved this building——the Magic Association「Cradle of the Sun」 in his hand.
And the birth of the 11th Paris Saint-Germain.

– I swear. That I'll continue to protect this scenery. With you.

The modern townscape of La Défense seen from the windows.
The traditional townscape around the Eiffel Tower.
The panoramic scenery like he could have an unbroken view of the capital.
Charles embraced Flavie gently and raised his glass towards her.
The gin, dry vermouth and crème de cassis cocktail was strikingly red as brand new blood, he drank it up in one go after he enjoyed it with his eyes.
– For that, I'll keep up the pace with that bastard Edward, serve as the head of this damn and troublesome French Division and kill all the shitty and bothersome *metaphysical*.
He rudely wiped his red-dyed lips.
– I know, but Charles——
Flavie received the emptied glass and became rapidly depressed as she set it aside.
– Shouldn't we also care for those behind us, the French Division?
– It's useless. Why would I care about the politicians?
– If you leave those negotiations to Chloe and me, we can make it happen?
– Give me a break. How am I going to make you do exactly the same as dirtying your hands?
– It makes me happy that you take good care of us, but we aren't just society smooth talkers, are we?
– It's for that reason. Those who are most troubled by the *metaphysical* that devastate countries are the powerful ones. And we're the only ones who can hunt *metaphysical*. If so, the ones currying up to them will be us? Those guys? It doesn't need explanation, does it?
– That's why I'm a smooth talker. The irrationality that twists reason spreads in this world as much as it likes. Do you know what the conservative politicians think of us?
– The conservatives again…
Charles grinded his teeth.
One year has passed since the *metaphysical* began to appear and the White Knight Organization was formed.
The conservative politicians, which was the current ruling party that dealt with this information that wasn't made known to the public yet, thought about it.

——At this rate, if the frequency of the apparition of these monsters keep increasing, will we really be able to conceal it?
——If so, wouldn't it be better to officially announce it at a time convenient for us?
——Yes, for example, during the next election.
——We'll largely spread that we have the support of the heroes.*
*TN: Heroes is the furigana reading for White Knight Organization.

It wasn't a real story yet because taking off in France only without the consent of other countries meant diplomatic problems would outbreak.

However, it was certainly considered.
And the problem here was….
Now, if they introduced the *Saviors* of the French Division to the people of the country as heroes, it would be a problem if black people and immigrant children were blended with the leaders——to spatter such incorrigible thoughtless words, that disgraceful lot stood for exclusivism and elitism!
– But are those guys wide-awake to their interest? For example, if we lend them more than enough election campaign funds, they'll think they'll have to withdraw their principles and position.
– I'll say it again. It's useless. Inevitable.
– Hey, aren't you strangely getting worked up? Are you… hiding something from me again?
– I'm not. Won't you be imagining it?
The poker face of Charles this time was perfect even for his troublesomeness.
He was able to hide the secret he had from Flavie with whom had a long relationship and who was sensitive to other people's subtleties.
It had been decided that Charles would forever regret what he had done.
– To tell you the truth, I'm anxious…. Did you hear baba-sama's prophecy?
– I haven't.
– Tomorrow, Cradle of the Sun will be engulfed in an unimaginable sorrow——do you think this ominous divine revelation will occur?
– As if. What that invites is needless anxiety and not something ominous. Are you aware that only one out of ten prophecies of that old woman comes true? The remaining nine are just nonsense, it's meaningless to worry about them.
– But you don't know if the dreadfulness of the prophecy is in fact that one out of ten, do you?
– I've had enough. You're tired. And the management of the French Division you aren't used to is playing with you.
Charles got up from the sofa and prepared another drink at the bar counter. He gave preference to quickness so the amount wasn't the best.
Flavie's lips gradually became softer as she watched such sloppy recipe.
– You're so delicate and precise when it comes to Dark Arts but when it's something else, you're extremely sloppy at it.
– Be glad. This is Saint-Germain's model, isn't it?
He answered the joking Flavie with a sour-looking face and took the completed cocktail.
– Take it. It's break time so let's have a break. I pray so that you and I are enveloped by joys we can't imagine tomorrow. Cheers.
– I can't believe Saint-Germain-sama gave me a cup, this is the greatest honor for a magician.
– Nonsense. Why can't you lead this toast to a more certain atmosphere?
– I wonder which mouth says so! You're truly a bothersome person.

The two of them sat side by side on the sofa again and let their glasses meet as they cherished the night view of Paris.
They had a wandering lighthearted talk and the alcohol went from one to two——Flavie fell asleep like a thread being cut.
The elixir that Charles mixed with the cocktail worked.
– Forgive me. Tomorrow, when you wake up, I'll surely be by your side and I'll whisper to your ears that I love you as much as you want. No matter how embarrassing it is.
He caressed the cheeks of the beautiful woman, but by the time he got up, his face had changed.
From the face of a hard-to-please lover.
To the face of the cool-headed, mighty and unparalleled head of the Magic Association. He called Chloe using the extension telephone of his desk.
He ordered her to stand by in advance, so the woman with curly beige hair turned up at once.
– I leave her to you.
A simple instruction. Because of that, the excellent subordinate guessed everything that he felt.
– Understood. But Flavie really couldn't notice anything?
– It will be done in no time. I didn't want her to worry too much or shoulder it.
– Consult it with Blaise or the others…
– I said. It will be done in no time.
As Flavie felt dubious, Charles had a secret.
The other day, there were threats from those considered as the extreme far right among the conservative politicians.

——Kick out non pure-blooded people from the French Division within a week.
——Otherwise, that black woman you love will meet sorrow.
——The one we hired is the "Invisible".
——You know who that one is, don't you? There is no way for you to go against us, your only choice is to satisfy our demands.

That was very foolish and insignificant.
The deadline was tonight, and since there was not even a particle of volition in Charles to satisfy their demands, they would surely attack Flavie. Those guys of the far right respected honor at least. He didn't think this was a bluff or that they would postpone the notice date.
– … The rumored *Savior* killer of *Saviors*. Does it actually exist?
Uneasiness appeared on Chloe's facial expression.
"Invisible".
That nickname was abhorred like the god of death within the White Knight Organization.

Unknown identity. Unknown purposes. However, it was hired by someone like them this time.
Out of the blue, an attack notice would be sent about the target *Saviors* to attack them under the cover of darkness.
Those who were targeted ended up disappearing in the night.
No clues were left behind, the criminal's modus operandi was unknown, it was certainly invisible.
Five victims in half a year since the first claimed victim appeared, they had a 100% success rate.
Two leaders from the Japanese Division and American Division and one leader from the British Headquarters disappeared.
It was mentioned that all five of them were powerful *Saviors*.
Charles cautiously kept an eye on the assassins of the faultless Russian Division——
– Come now. I don't care if it's true or not, and it's unrelated to who may come. I'll protect Flavie.
He replied, looking uninterested and unconcerned and pressed the switch on the console. The window shutters came down while making a slight sound.
In addition to their durability that used industrial technology, it was a specially made to confer protection by Dark Arts.
Given the situation, the office became a decent fortress.
Charles made sure that the shutters came down completely then left the office.
There was only one route that led to the room.
Charles pretended to keep watch here.
The ventilation duct was not large enough for people to pass through.
Only one part of the windows was structured to open with a mechanism operated from inside as an emergency exit, but the shutters protected it.
And if they were to climb the walls with *Mongyoku* and the like, they would have to destroy the shutters to invade, which was against the modus operandi of "Invisible", and if he heard a sound, he would rush there.
Even if they were an invisible assassin, and unless they went beyond this narrow pathway where Charles blocked the way, they had no way to lay a single finger on Flavie.
He took a distance of 20 meters from the elevator and lie in wait.
Even if the enemy were to use *Godlike Movement* from point-blank range, the two *Golems* that hung on his waist would completely stop their approach and in the meanwhile, it would be possible for him to welcome them with his maximum Dark Art attack.
However, that would be intentional, he took a distance that felt excessively cautious.
He had a perfect posture.
Charles protected the passage with a glassy heart and without carelessness or arrogance.

With absolute no gaps.
A frozen-like feeling of tension continued stretching throughout the passage.
It felt like his life span would shorten just by getting a glimpse of it, he transformed into a fierce god and continued staring at the elevator.
With absolute no slack.
Charles was impatient, he had a personality that valued every moment, so he wondered how many hours he would be like that, but kept his watch very patiently without moving.
This was possible because of Flavie.
He could only do this because of Flavie.
The pocket watch was already thrown away to the floor.
Today, every single second of this night was dedicated to his love for Flavie.
And so, the hands of the abandoned watch pointed to 2 am. Suddenly——the floor display of the elevator began to move.
The numbers increased hectically in order from the first floor.
Tonight, apart from Flavie and Chloe, he ordered all the association employees to leave the building….
Charles spread his fine and beautiful hands.
Then slowly snapped the joints of his ten fingers.
He let a ruthless as ice and fierce as flames fighting spirit get much more excited.
Finally, the lightning display showed the top floor.
The doors of the elevator opened to the left and right without a sound like a ghost.
Flames become a fervent mercy that makes All the chaos of good and evil concentrate and purify, becoming equal
Together with that, Charles began the chanting of *Flare* and used the index finger of his right hand to put ancient magic characters into written form.
The flames, which were manifested at a dexterous speed before the doors of the elevator opened, were fired.
Without considering who was inside. It was unnecessary to say he was impatient.
For that reason, no subordinate was in the building.
If a subordinate infringed Charles’s order——then it was an enemy no matter who they were.
The raging and dancing flames went straight ahead without licking the floor, walls or ceiling as if filling up the narrow passage and burned to exhaustion every corner of the elevator. He didn’t aim to give them an atom of space to dodge them.
He could hear the screams of an agonizing death from the elevator, though he couldn’t hear them right away.
They inhaled the flames, their vocal cords and lungs seemed to be hideously burned.

Although it wasn’t to the extent of Vasilisa, the Dark Arts of PSG had super first-class magical powers.
Its power could be easily guessed.
Moreover.
Child of Ice Child of Snow Lend me your breath Make them freeze with your ferocious breath
Charles used the next Dark Art without a moment’s delay.
He used the index finger of his **left hand** to spell it.
1st Rank Dark Art *White Breath*.
A raging cold dominated after the bursting flames trampled down the passage to exhaustion towards the back of the elevator; the floor, walls and ceiling were densely covered with frost.
It killed all the creatures that existed on the road and dyed it all to every corner.
Flames become a fervent mercy that makes All the chaos of good and evil concentrate and purify, becoming equal
One more time, Charles’s *Flare!*
This time, he spelled it using his right index finger. A continuous attack without taking a rest. A coordination of Dark Arts done by a single person.
What came after the second *Flare*, was another *White Breath*. Followed by *Flare*.
Just like a precision machine, Charles continued using Dark Arts quickly and accurately, without experiencing fatigue.
This was why he was Paris Saint-Germain.
Heretic Dark Arts were diligently studied over hundreds of years.
A tradition.
He didn’t know who the opponent was. It was of no concern to him.
He increased the one-sided attacks, thoroughly added continuous attacks and crushed them to death without mercy or blame.

*Flare, White Breath, Flare, White Breath, Flare, White Breath, Flare, White Breath, Flare, White Breath, Flare, White Breath, Flare, White Breath, Flare, White Breath, Flare, White Breath, Flare, White Breath, Flare, White Breath, Flare, White Breath——*

If the target of assassination were himself, he felt he wouldn’t have gone this far.
However, they were aiming at his beloved woman, so Charles rampaged ruthlessly.
He finally stopped his hand when the number of fired Dark Arts really exceeded a hundred.
Finally, and like a Chinese martial artist, he deeply exhaled in silence and submerged his still smoldering fighting spirit.
The passage that had been polished up every day without fail was cruelly destroyed.

It was tormented alternately by a very high temperature and very low temperature, it changed into a miserable state. It looked like scratches, like fingernail marks were left all disordered.
The elevator lost its function long ago, it had died out.
With the exception of the bastard Edward, no matter what *Savior* was in there, even the bones would have disappeared completely.
Practically an invisible way of dying.
Charles confirmed the scenery that changed to scorched earth and turned back.
But he immediately stopped walking,
– Dammit. Now how Flavie and Chloe are going to go down?
He put a sour-looking face due to his own stupidity.
It was inevitable.
His consciousness was completely concentrated on how to protect Flavie.
(Well, Blaise or one of them will do something in the morning)
Charles concluded so and returned to the office where his beloved women was asleep.

Inside, Chloe was alone, and on the ground.

Charles was lost for words.
A magician whose intelligence was his greatest weapon could think of nothing for an instant.
His whole body trembled, but thanks to that, the stiffness of his body decreased.
– Chloe! What happened!? Where's Flavie!?
He rushed over to his collapsed subordinate and checked her condition.
She was breathing.
But she was completely unconscious.
– Where's Flavie! Come on, answer me!
Charles surveyed all over the room as he held Chloe's upper body.
Thereupon, he finally realized that all the shutters were raised and that the emergency window had been released. Both were impossible to move unless they were operated from inside.
Only a blue, azure crescent moon similar to a scar engraved in the sky looked down on Charles.
– What's … the meaning of all this…? What the hell happened…? What the hell is thiiis!?
Charles shouted to the limits of his voice.
A sorrowful shout echoed, disappearing into the darkness hidden outside the window.
Then Chloe woke up and talked about the situation.
**She didn't know what happened.**
She opened her laptop next to the sleeping Flavie and did office work the whole time. The *Golems*, which were guarding the room, had no reaction.

The shutters weren’t raised and the windows weren’t open——that was her last memory.
Her consciousness went dark without any signs or previous notice.
The rest was as Charles knew.
He heard it, but he didn’t get it.
Even if someone went up via elevator and that agonizing death was a decoy, how on earth the “Invisible” invaded the office without being noticed by anyone?
Were they then a *Dark Savior* who excelled at spy-like abilities like Blaise?
No——Charles wasn’t someone who would fail to notice such a thing, and being able to endure a fierce attack of fire and ice was something that made no sense.
What if there was a *Dark Savior* with a *The Origin* probably called perfect teleportation with less limitations than the *Erratic Portal* of the recently and often rumored “Witch of Gates”?
No——even if that was true, it was impossible that a sign of magic power wasn’t detected by Chloe to then make them faint with Dark Arts.
To be knocked down with the likes of a blunt weapon while hiding the sound of their footsteps… was simply out of the equation. When it came to hand-to-hand combat, the *golems*, which could compete with *Light Saviors*, should deal with them swiftly.
Unknown identity. Unknown modus operandi.
“Invisible” established a legend that should be feared once again.
The morning greeted them, Charles trembled with a sorrow he could never imagine.
The prophecy of the old woman proved to be right.
He came down to the surface with Chloe on a helicopter prepared by Blaise, but she had no recollection of that time.
Chloe felt responsible for her own mistake as well, she was sunk in sorrow because she lost her friend; her face had grown pale.
Even though she was taken to Blaise’s mansion and sat on the sofa next to each other, her soul felt like it would come out.
How much time passed without saying something to the other?
As soon as Blaise returned, he kneeled down on one knee in front of Charles.
– I have something to report.
– ……
Charles, as absentminded as he was, kept staring at the floor without replying.
The words of the black young man only passed through from his right ear to the left ear without echoing anywhere.
Blaise got troubled for a moment, but he politely spread the laptop he carried under his armpit.
– Please take a look at this.
– ……

Charles gave no answer as expected and kept staring at the floor.
His chest was dominated by sorrow, he had no willpower welling up to do anything.
Even raising his face was troublesome.
– Good grief. You really are a troublesome person, aren't you?
The amazed voice of Blaise.
Immediately after that, he forced his way through.
He thrust the screen of the laptop before the very eyes of Charles.
– ……
Even turning his face away was troublesome, he looked at the screen absentmindedly.
At first, the eyes slid over the characters without getting in his head.
However——his gaze stopped at a certain point.
He traced those characters one more time.
The name of a man recognized as the leader of the far right politicians.
The name of the principal offender who sent the threatening letter and hired "Invisible".
The name of the fellow who hated them but wasn't worthy of their hate.
When Charles snatched the laptop from him, he stood up vigorously and chased the information displayed on the screen with intense concentration.
A newsflash on the internet.
It greatly featured a traffic accident with the result of deceased person.
The name of that man was reported as the victim.
– I'm sorry. I had to do something, so I investigated on my own and I dealt with him.
Blaise informed with a mild voice.
In other words, he killed him and feigned it was an accident. That hated fellow.
– But it keeps going. Zlatan and Émilienne are furious.
Charles heard the report, clenched his teeth and endured the tears.
Still, it seemed the tears would overflow, so he quickly stared up at the ceiling.
He languidly hung both arms and the laptop. Then shouted, trying to squeeze his voice out.
– I…. Should have done that from the beginning…!
Anger and regret.
Feelings of remorse that seemed to burn his body to exhaustion.
No, if his body really burned with these emotions, then how good was that?
– Let's stop being bothersome, alright?
Blaise stood up and shook his head politely.
– You aren't someone who can immaturely raise his fist high in the sky against ordinary enemies. You have never thought of such a cowardly action, am I right? But it's for that reason we like Charles-sama.
– … Scold me, more.

– Even when you’re depressed you’re bothersome, you know…? Then, from this moment, you should just leave the dirty work to us. If the enemies are the far right politicians who have lots of enemies and grudge they brought upon themselves, then it’ll be easy to even walk around so they can’t complain about the future troubles that will come out.
Blaise smiled meekly.
– Walk around… can’t complaint… future troubles, huh.
– Yes. The opposing faction of those far right guys will be protected by us, we’ll cut off the relationship with those guys with money then let them lay their hands on those guys as much as they want. It’s certainly impossible for us to antagonize all the powerful ones. That’s why we’ll walk around, bring them to our side and pretend to flatter them up when in fact we’re manipulating them.
– You! Are you making me getting my hands dirty against my will!?
Charles raised his left hand.
And looked hard at his beautiful hand.
He grasped it tightly with all his strength. He felt like the nails bit into the skin and blood oozed.
– Blaise said it just now, didn’t he? Please don’t carry this alone.
A hand was put on top of his hand.
And gently undid the fist.
It was the hand of Chloe whose eyes recovered their light and snuggled up to his side.
– That’s right. Please think of our hardships that you swing around every time you rush of your own accord. You’re really bothersome.
Blaise gave a harsh but honest advice.
Charles contemplated… and carefully considered while staring up… and finally, he concluded.
He shook off Chloe’s hand.
– I decline. Not take it upon myself and myself only? Give me a break. I’ll make you take it upon myself. Like hell you’re going to do something.
– Haaa… you’re really tiresome. So much that you make things worse.
– But that’s how I am. I’m not the same me who relies and cares about others anymore. This new I will do whatever I like. Now you’ll meet me.
He declared resolutely.
He had regret. But he couldn’t surrender because of something of that degree.
If he were to surrender again, he would no longer be the Charles that Flavie loved.
– Don’t let it stagnate. Harvest new blood and mix it.
Chloe and Blaise were surprised.
When Charles wiped his tears, trying to shake them off with his finger, he tossed the laptop and started walking.
– Tell the others. We’ll stir the stagnated system of government of the powerful ones. A new order will be established by the *Saviors*. Even if we

don’t have the power now… even if we have to cater to the powerful ones… one day… with these hands of mine… I’ll certainly!
He made the burning rage in his chest boil instead of soothing it.
Unless he got mad, the empty hole that lost Flavie wouldn’t be filled.
– Follow me without saying anything.
– Fufu. Understood. To be honest, because you’re bothersome, it will be interesting to work for you.
– We, the entire strength under the command of「Cradle of the Sun」, will accompany you to the bitter end.
Blaise smiled and Chloe assented with a meek face.
Charles went out of the building as he led those two people.
He encouraged his body that seemed it would collapse with a feeling of loss that resembled nihility and continued advancing like he dragged his feet.
He looked up. And turned to the front.
To become stronger.
To have a bigger organization.
He threw himself into training flames as if tormenting himself thoroughly and carried out a forced expansion of the French Division as a cruel and cold-hearted ruler.
As an individual, as the head of the organization, stronger, stronger, stronger, stronger, stronger——
So that nobody would think of trying to turn their blade towards Charles anymore.
So that no one would think of trying to make a move on what was important for Charles anymore.
The best pupils of「Cradle of the Sun」served him well, but there were many things to do yet and years passed away in the twinkling of an eye.
Five years have passed since he lost Flavie.
And on a certain day, the old woman had a prophecy.
As soon as he heard the name of an eyesore man named Haimura Moroha, he received a divine revelation.
It said——

*This man was born with a hapless fate.*
*If it were to be compared to something, that would be huge overlapping laws equivalent to two heroes.**
*Even White Knights are attracted to big undulations, even that Lightning Empress was gulped down.*
*And so, not even Charles-sama is the exception. He absolutely doesn’t have to be afraid of it.*
*If you were to get close to this man’s hapless fate, you will surely be guided to where Flavie is.*
**TN: Law is the furigana reading for fate.*

– ——Guided by that prophecy, we came to Japan.
Chloe exhibited a fervent speech, absorbed in it.
She bent herself forward from the park bench and grabbed Moroha's shoulders.
Maya, who was between them, seemed to be uncomfortable.
– A… prophecy?
Moroha looked at the hands that grabbed his shoulders alternately.
Chloe realized that and let his shoulders go in panic and sat down deeply on the bench.
Moroha averted his gaze for a moment,
– That's the real reason why Charles wants to scout me, huh…. If it's as the prophecy says, then that means that if he's with me, he can meet again with Flavie-san?
– You think that's a suspicious-looking story, don't you? I understand if you can't believe it. But our company really does have an owner of those *Ancestral Arts*. Her hitting ratio is one out of ten, but she clearly guessed the date and time of the apparition of the first *metaphysical* that attacked France and the true identity and the whereabouts of the Chinese Division Head who decided to not respond to the call of the government.
– Is that so…? That guesswork sure is impossible.
Honestly, if a lot of fair things were said for the "one out of ten", then the ones among them that were true wouldn't be fake, would they?
– That means that all the people in the French Division believes the prophecies of the old woman-san?
– That differs from person to person. I… came to believe all of them now.
**That night**, if we had seriously believed the prophecy of baba-sama and had taken more measures, I think we probably wouldn't have lost Flavie, but it scares me to doubt it even if I know in my head that it's no more than one out of ten.
This seemed to be some kind of trauma.
Chloe confessed, feeling sorry.
– Charles too?
– No, it is different for him. In the past and now, he laughs it off and does not lend an ear to anyone. When I heard baba-sama's prophecy, I brought to his attention that Flavie might be alive, but despite that, he got angry and did not cling to such naïve dream, to the extent he did not pay attention to me at all at first. Because unlike me, he is… a strong person.
– But he changed his mind now?
– For the time being, yes, because it's confirmed that this is the one out of ten that hit the mark.
*Oh*, Moroha understood.

– Baba-sama’s prophecy has been half realized. That ruffian Edward, who seems friendly and isn’t totally frank, trusts you so much that even the Grimoire Holder Lightning Empress Vasilisa was defeated before you. He realized that no one could believe that and nobody believed that.
For Moroha, Charles seemed like he appeared all of a sudden, however, from Charles’s point of view, this meant he visited him at the perfect moment and with a clear reason.
– Now you understand, right? You are our hope. So… please…. As you see….
Chloe begged with a worried face.
Moroha scratched his head.
Between them, Maya had a troubled expression.
– … This is so sad desu. … I want Flavie-san to come back. …But, Maya doesn’t want Moroha to go to France nanodesu…. Maya is a fiend nanodesu….
She looked up at him with an anxious face. Chloe’s tragic but brave eyes. Maya’s moist eyes.
Moroha, who directly took the two gazes that had approximately the same amount of enthusiasm, put his hand on Maya’s head.
And patted it gently.
– I would like to ask Chloe-san a favor.
In contrast, he began to talk with a strong voice.
Maya jumped under his palm.
The girl, who was his roommate, understood just by listening to his voice.
**Moroha was irritated.**
But Chloe didn’t grasp that and replied vigorously.
– Yes! Please ask anything, I will do what I can.
– I want to see and talk to Charles. Directly.
– T-that is… I will confirm that with Charles-sama right away…. What would you talk about, I wonder? You made up your mind so you will go to France?
– I’m not going.
– Eh…?
Moroha declared flatly and shook his head in denial; Chloe looked like she received a shock.
– Y-you do not believe… my words?
– It’s not that. I don’t think that Chloe-san is such a shallow person.
Moroha smiled at her, but his eyes never smiled.
– The more I listen to you, the less I want to go. I’ll never go.
He resolutely announced with the same strong tone of voice.
Chloe was just confused.
– Why…?
– That’s why I’ll talk directly to Charles. Please let me meet him.
This time, it was Moroha’s turn to pour a gaze with an amount of enthusiasm on Chloe.
Chloe kept silent and peeked at Moroha’s look.
She seemed to be unable to infer what Moroha was thinking.

But eventually, she nodded deeply, like she was pressed by Moroha's gaze.
– Understood…. As things are, we will not come to a settlement, will we? I will ask Charles-sama.
Chloe opened her pouch and tried to take out cell phone.
However――
– It looks like the negotiations came to nothing, Chloe-sama!
She heard a shout from somewhere.

□□□Decisive Will!□□□

Furthermore, several Dark Arts chanting that were familiar to Moroha.
Sharp killing intent drew near from three sides.
– Hold on to me, Maya!
– Kyaah!
Moroha held Maya's small waist with his right hand and immediately stepped back and jumped with a backward somersault.
He used *Godlike Movement* to jump several meters in an instant.
An instant later, the bench on which Moroha and Maya were sitting was skewered by three swords.
Maya shuddered in his arm.
Each one of the four park entrances were blocked by a number of men in suits.
A matching saber hung on everyone's waist.
– What's your plan? Were you after Maya and not me?
Moroha demanded an explanation towards those guys with a cold voice.
His irritation wasn't just to that level.
He let the anger that was transmitted to everyone fill his voice.
As was expected, no one tried to reply.
All the members who blocked the entrances had an extremely serious face, without saying anything.
– You guys! Why are you here!? Why are you doing this!?
On the other hand, Chloe's confusion wasn't the same as before.
Moreover, her cell phone began to ring.
– It's Charles-sama…
Chloe answered the phone by reflex.
Moroha picked up the voice that could be heard leaking out with *Divine Hearing* right away.
□You heard it. You failed, didn't you?□
Chloe looked around those who blocked the entrances bewilderingly.
And glared at them provokingly.
In other words, those guys listened attentively the conversation between Moroha and Chloe, heard the refusal of Moroha and immediately spread it to report it to Charles.
□Therefore. Switch over to Plan D□
– Please wait!

□I won’t. Don’t make me say it more than once□
Charles told her with an ill-humored voice and ended the call.
Chloe was dumbfounded, she was at a loss for words.
– What’s Plan D?
However, she came to her senses when Moroha asked her,
– … If you don’t comply with the scouting, the people you cherish should be hurt and kidnapped…. So that you’ll chase him to France――
Like when you went to Russia for a girl――the words of Chloe attempted to say so,
– What the hell?
The subdued voice of Moroha interrupted her.
– Eh…?
– What the… hell?
Finally, Chloe, who was bathed in the fierce intent of Moroha that easily surpassed something like anger, flinched from that.
– Should hurt them? Should kidnap them? The ones I… cherish?
– Hii…
Chloe twisted on the bench to escape from Moroha’s gaze.
– I understand. … That’s your way of doing things, isn’t it?
Moroha spat out with a penetrating cold-like voice.
At that very moment, the group that blocked the entrance broke into the park all together. The sabers they wore began to move by themselves and were held as if being handled by invisible men.
Each one of them wore a sword, so all of them were *Golems*.
Moreover, that performance looked unusually good for mass produced items. As expected of a Magic Association with a history of several hundreds of years.
Furthermore, each person that rushed into the park began a 3rd Rank Dark Arts spelling with a skilled manner of using their hands.
Moroha looked **broadly** and grasped everything around him.
– Maya. The developed thing, you have it, right?
– B-but but, I don’t have time to adjust it and it needs 30 seconds to deploy desu.
– That’s all I need. Do it.
– R-roger desu.
Maya, who was still held in his arm, took out the crystal from her pouch.
And hurled it in the air with an□Ei□.
The crystal immediately began to expand at an unthinkable speed, lost its shape like a light dream, extended to the entire park with a rainbow-colored brilliance and lastly, it dispersed perfectly as if fusing with the world.
A Barrier Dark Arts. Shimon Maya’s *The Origin*.
*Its name was Dreamstone High Drain.*
– It’s finished off, the phase of the living things cannot be shifted desu.
– I know that too.

Moroha put ancient magic characters into written form with his free left hand and chanted.

*There is purgatory in the realm of the dead There are burning fields on the surface*
*Flames become a merciful compassion that makes All the chaos of good and evil concentrate and purify, becoming equal*
*All people will die And return to skull*
*This irony is a greater desolation Of my hometown reduced to black earth Cry God abandoned people*
*The world of decadence is eternal The trumpets must blare The hour of judgment has come*
– A 6th, so easily…
Chloe gazed at him in wonderment.
The 6th Rank Dark Arts that Moroha started later was completed faster than the 3rd one of the magicians who broke into.
A fireball manifested above Moroha's head.
A flame with an actually deep crimson color that was out of this world.
Moroha fired it and threw it violently in the middle of the park.
And exploded! Because a sweltering hit violently exploded, an unimaginable and powerful hot gust of wind spread in four, sixteen directions and swept over as if whirling.
This wasn't a direct hit, but just an aftermath.
It completely gulped down the 3rd Rank Dark Arts the magicians fired on the spur of the moment, not only that, they were noisily mowed down and fainted.
Chloe was the only one to not be taken lightly, she bent down at once and somehow let the blast go past her with *Red Ward*.
She curled herself up, became pale in fear and kept her consciousness while trembling.
The area that was hit directly could only be called a disastrous scene.
The ground was deeply and widely gouged in a mortar-like shape, the ground surface was transformed into bubbling lava.
Some of the playground equipment that was swallowed up dissolved completely, their shape collapsed viscously.
The place of relaxation, with just a blow, was changed to a scene as if the iron pot of hell was opened.
– This will soon return to how it was before… I can't believe it nanodesu.
Moroha, who had embraced the amazed Maya with one hand and jumped high with *Godlike Movement*, overlooked the nightmarish scenery.
He landed, glanced at Chloe who still trembled and turned on his heels.
– Please…
Her trembling voice was heard on his back.
– Forgive Charles-sama…
Just her voice came out from her head she held out.

– Why are you doing things like this?
In the end, Moroha's voice got really cold.
– ……
Chloe said nothing.
Because she knew there was no excuse or the slightest bit of thing that could be done by them.
On top of that, she even went beyond what was right and wrong, she prostrated before him and begged for the impossible.
– I'm going.
Moroha replied nothing more than that and tried to leave promptly.
He couldn't stand there doing nothing when he thought about the people other than Maya being targeted.
The lot who came to attack them were too disappointing. He thought that maybe this wasn't the real strength of the French Division. If so, then everyone else were more dangerous.
– Five people! Five distinguished and powerful people from「Cradle of the Sun」came to Japan. They are ought to aim at the members of *Strikers*.
The desperate cry of Chloe.
A feeling, that her real intention was not to fight each other, was transmitted. At least from her.
Moroha grinded his teeth.
(Really…. Why don't they leave me alone?)
If Moroha were told that it was because he had a hapless fate, he would want to smash it up with all his strength.
He left the park at an enraged pace.
He ran like a beast with *Godlike Movement* and jumped like the wind with *Decrease Weight*.
He ran and jumped from the roof of a private house to a roof, then from the rooftop of a building to a rooftop.
He killed two birds with one stone: a shortcut in a straight line and avoided being noticed by others.
Maya in his arm clung to him.
– Aren't you scared, Maya?
– I'm okay nanodesu. It feels better than running down a mountain desu.
– Maya is a woman who loves thrill, doesn't she?
He felt like he was saved by the cheerful reply of Maya in the midst of a disorienting rage.
His head got a bit cold.
– Maya, get in contact with the cleaning group. I'll call the shopping group.
– Understood nanodesu.
Was it good luck or bad luck that all the members of *Selections* casually gathered in two places today?
Shizuno answered the phone at the third ring.
「Moroha! Are you guys safe?」

With the first words she said after opening her mouth, he understood that the shopping group was also being attacked.
He wanted to click his tongue.
– Yeah, we're good. And you?
「We're being attacked by two high-ranked knights of『Les éléments』.
Somehow, we've hold our ground so far」
Not everything was dark.
If his memory didn't fail him, the shopping group, apart from Shizuno, had strong people like Satsuki and Haruka.
He didn't know anything about『Les éléments』, but he guessed that they might be two of the five people that Chloe said moments ago.
– Got it. Keep holding out as much as you can. I'll be hurrying up my――
– I want you to wait, Moroha!
Maya, in his right arm, shouted at the ear held against the cell phone.
– The cleaning group seems to be in a big pinch nanodesu! Tokiko-oneesan request reinforcements nanodesu!
As expected, Moroha shuddered.
His feet stopped involuntarily in shock.
– Isurugi-senpai is there, or it's still undoable?
There should be other team members gathered there such as Sophia, Taketsuru and Kamekichi.
– It seems that Captain-san isn't coming due to urgent matters desu!
– This is terrible…
Of all things, it had to be now.
Since his right hand was blocked by Maya and the left one by the cell phone, he was at his wits' end.
– What are you going to do desu, Moroha?
Maya let out a discouraged voice.
The situation grew worse as he hesitated.
He should immediately decide which one of them he would go to help, so Maya got his attention.
Then――
「I heard it all」
Shizuno cut into the conversation with a slightly tensed voice.
「So, Moroha should go to the church. I'll do what I can here. I'll take half of your burden」
– … Are you really sure?
「Why wouldn't I?」
The tension disappeared from Shizuno's voice.
「It doesn't matter the predicament you're in, my duty is to help you, isn't it?」
As soon as he heard her, the hesitation of Moroha completely disappeared.
Her words that quickly fit in his ear as if he had heard them thousands of times.
Her tone of voice. Her vocal sound.

He showed immediate results to them. Moroha mustered his courage again.
A deep strong bond and trust as if they were connected to the bottom of their souls.
A great joy as if he felt it and experienced it in his whole body.
– Understood. I leave it to you.
That makes me happy. You left it to me?
*TN: I don’t understand the question of Shizuno here, she says almost the same but in passive and past.
Moroha finished the call and put a stop on his feet.
He was going at an incredible speed, but since the inertia was weak thanks to *Decrease Weight*, he slid on the rooftop while killing it with the sole of his shoes and immediately turned about to the direction of the church.
He tried to start running there——and a spark scattered in the bottom of his head.
He greatly leapt backwards from that place before he could think.
Suddenly, he dodged incoming roaring flames and protected Maya from the aftermath with *Red Ward*.
– Really? You avoided it nicely, should I praise you for that?
– Who’s there?
Moroha glared at the direction of the voice.
The rooftop of a high building two buildings away.
The one who stood there was Charles Saint-Germain as expected.
“The Magician of the Eiffel Tower” looked down on him with a sour-looking face.
His ice-cold blue eyes stared directly and fixedly at Moroha.
He couldn’t ignore it.
Moroha’s battle intuition told him.
This was already Charles’s battle range.
If he turned his back on him imprudently, the next Dark Arts would surely hit him.
– What do you want?
– So cold. I can’t come to see you without a purpose?
– I don’t have time to stick with your troublesome conversation. I’m busy now.
– I know. But you aren’t going anywhere. My subordinates are having fun with your friends now. I won’t allow you to do something as unrefined as barging in.
– Nobody is related to this. Don’t you feel ashamed, dragging them into this?
– I do. But I’m sure I warned you, seventh person. I’ll summon you to France no matter what means I use.
– For the sake of Flavie-san?
– Chloe. That chitchat. Why did you have to tell all that to this bastard…?
Even though Charles looked annoyed, he rapidly became serious,
– That’s right. If I want to get Flavie back, I have to get my hands dirty.

– This… goddamn idiot…
What a bothersome guy!
Moroha revealed a violent emotion, took Maya down and jumped, putting strength into his legs.
Raised the corner of his eyes and sprung at Charles standing two buildings away with both legs.
– Maya will know how things are and get in contact with everyone desu!
Concentrate on the fight desu, Moroha!
The voice of the little Maya seemed to push his back.
Moroha grasped tightly the ID Tag in his right hand and put *prana* into it.
A strong white light shone in his hand.
The plate made of metal reacted at once, changed to a red hot iron-like color and stretched like a candy.
It formed a grip that adapted itself to his hand well, then formed a stylish pommel and an unrefined steel blade.
Even if it still was no match for the holy sword wielded by Flaga, his dear sword that approached it steadily manifested.
On the other hand――
– Pablo. John.
Charles whispered with an ill-humored voice.
Then the two sabers of different sizes that were put on the waist began to move by themselves like magic and danced in the air.
They protected their owner, intercepted the slash of Moroha and stood ready.
Furthermore, Charles took off the leather gloves put on both hands and threw them away.
He made his hands sound as if checking the feeling of wrinkled and gnarled artisan-like hands.

On one hand, the *Ancient Dragon* who freely used both Light Techniques and Dark Arts.
On the other hand, Paris Saint-Germain who was linked to ancient wisdom.
S-Rank and S-Rank.
Their mortal combat would open its curtains――

# Chapter 6: Their mortal combat (first half)

Until merely 30 minutes ago, they weren't in hell at all.
Rather, they were in front of God, located at the other end.
The chapel of a small church.
Every member of *Strikers* who volunteered for the cleaning group moved their hands lively.
Although it was said to be small if compared to others, it was quite a chore if a big cleaning was done with 10 people or so.
So they tried to forget about the tiredness of the manual labor by chatting.
– I don't understand how I'm still C-Rank and Momochi and Ranjou are B-Rank.
A person tried to forget about it by complaining and speaking ill behind other's backs.
– You have said that so many times that I'm fed up with it, Kammie.
Taketsuru, who was cleaning a wall, turned around and shrugged his shoulders.
He was a man who looked good even while holding a dust cloth.
– Takki-senpai is so annoying!!!!
The greatest burden of *Strikers*… the pain-in-the-neck Mannendou Kamekichi was vexed while clenching a dust cloth (not a handkerchief but a dust cloth) in his teeth.
– Even Senpai is still C. How's that those woooorthless ones are B? The world is so wrooooong. Is it politics? Is it also due to bad politics?
– There's nothing that can be done, because this is a world of merit. I got that, you know? They've been doing their best to a great extent lately.
– Doesn't that sound like we haven't been doing our best so far? I kept this as a secret until now, but actually I've been doing secret training every night!
– I know.
– It wasn't a seeeeeecret!?
– I heard it too.
– Me too.
– Me too.

– How much did it spreaaaaad!?
– Hahaha, You've been researching if there's any kind of cool pose and spelling and how you must call the characteristic secret method *Flare* as *Nirvana Phoenix*. It's unique and cool though.
– Kill me already. Takki-senpai delivered the coup de grace saying「That's why you can't be stronger」! When you praise me, it's the opposite, you embarrass meeeeeeeeeeeee!
– This time I'll do it with you.
– Senpai is coming to my siiiiiiiiide.
Kamekichi bent backwards in a pose similar to Munch's "The Scream", he bent so much he carried out a head bridge.
He was a *Kuroma*, and while it made no sense, he had nice abs and back muscles.
– Well, you'll be small fries no matter how much time passes. To tell you the truth, you're talentless.
The demon vice-captain-sama laughed scornfully. Without caring for the members' mental well-being.
Far from that, she actually volunteered for the shopping group, but she was in the cleaning group under the order of Isurugi, so this was a diversion for her.
– Y-you're lying. I'm an extremely talented *Savior* and with my potential, I shouldn't lose to anyone.
– Then stop complaining that some lasses got ahead of you. You're getting on my nerves.
– Uwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa, the words of the demon vice-captain resonate emotionally within meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.
Kamekichi cried and let his abdomen move up and down as he performed a head bridge.
He was a Kuroma, so his very gifted abs and back muscles were a waste.
– How should I put it, Kanzaki? You were also complaining about it recently, weren't you?
Taketsuru was amazed and retorted, but while Tokiko persistently brushed the stains that didn't disappear on the floor,
– Well, just you watch, those lasses…. I'll be A-Rank in no time and I'll make them realize the difference in rank…. Fuh… fufufufuh…
– Uh oh. Kanzaki scared me when she was quiet.
– Hey, Uisuke. Your hands are stopping little by little. We won't finish cleaning before the shopping group returns.
He was warned by a hand with a dust cloth, by Sophia who was nominated as the group leader of the cleaning group.
And with her other hand, she made Kamekichi rise by grabbing the nape of his neck.
– Uuh… I was surpassed in rank by Ranjou… and I… wasn't allowed to practice the play… you made me help with cleaning… my sorrow is… immeasurable…

– Hey, Sophia. Let this stupid give up. If your arm breaks him, he'll make a scene.
– I'm against violence.
– Hahaha, Sophia. Kammie's neck has been creaking for a while, you know?
– Sorry! I failed to adjust my strength!
– … Sorrow…
Kamekichi fainted and Sophia rapidly lay him down and nursed him.
– Recover consciousness!
Every time she slapped him in the face, the eyes of Kamekichi swelled out like mochi.
*TN: Mochi is a sticky rice cake.
Strained laughs leaked out from here and there.
– What are we doing?
Taketsuru returned to clean the wall while showing a refreshing smile like a summer breeze.
Suddenly——the girl who should be cleaning right next to him wasn't there.
When he made his eyes move all the way to the right, a plain classmate who wore glasses was cleaning the wall.
She was truly plain, she had no presence, if you took your eyes off her, you would lose sight of her immediately.
– You work fast, Mana-chan.
Taketsuru rapidly moved next to her. The girl with glasses rapidly ran away.
A long drop of sweat flowed on Taketsuru's forehead.
(Are you angry or something?)
Taketsuru moved to her side again and whispered into her ear.
(You promised that you weren't going to be over-familiar with me in front of everyone)
The girl with glasses replied with a low voice that showed no signs of friendliness.
Her cleaning hand didn't stop unless she looked at him.
Her name was Souya Manako.
She simply was one of the regular members that only had 14 people.
Moreover, a B-Rank *Shirogane*.
She was Taketsuru's girlfriend.
(Disappear. You interrupt my cleaning)
She should be his girlfriend….
It was a secret that the two of them were dating, and for the public,
Taketsuru was supposed to be in a long distance relationship.
In the past, Taketsuru fell deeply in love with Manako and confessed his love, but,
– Did you know? Dating with a popular man like you is quite complicated and people would envy me.
So, he was coldly turned down.

Still, he continued approaching her without losing courage and the result: he finally got an OK, she said「I'll be your girlfriend if you can keep it a secret」.
(Tell me the reason why you're angry at least. I'm bothered why Mana-chan got angry so suddenly)
(I dislike pathetic men)
(Student in lower grades reached B-Rank one after the other while I'll be forever a C-Rank?)
(I really don't care about ranks. But I feel like Mannendou-kun is way cooler than a man who put on airs and who can easily say that there's nothing that can't be done. If you're a man, that is)
(Guh…)
His chest hurt because he was compared to another man by his girlfriend.
(I'm also doing all that I can…)
Taketsuru was the best technique user in the academy.
He was a hardworking person to the point he even respected Moroha in terms of subtlety when manipulating Light Techniques.
However, it was sad to say that the strength of the *prana* itself was mediocre, and no matter how much special training he did, he wouldn't go beyond the upper middle.
Even when they were the same art specialization type of Shirogane, Haruka rapidly got stronger and faster.
The difference of talent they were born with. He couldn't laugh at the criticism of Tokiko moments ago.
So Manako, who knew the inner struggle of Taketsuru more than anyone else, said.
(Yes, you've been doing your best. You're a very serious person. But don't be reckless)
(Mana-chan is so harsh)
Taketsuru put on a dejected face.
What came to his mind was Moroha's fighting style. And Isurugi these days. They usually fought very smartly and coolly, and yet, when the crucial moment came, they bared their fangs and let their wild real nature get even more fired up.
Their hesitation was nonexistent.
In that mortal combat with *Fortress*, he could see it clearly before his eyes.
**Taketsuru couldn't do the same.**
(That is until I'm told to look away from reality. Even I. I'm――
(Did you hear something now?)
(No, no, it's nothing. I was speaking to myself)
(No, not that. Did you hear a strange voice just now?)
Taketsuru, who was told so by Manako, tried to strain his ears.

– … I'm soorryyy.

He heard it.
An apologetic, very sad and mosquito-sounding voice of a woman.
It wasn't the voice of someone belonging to *Strikers*.
Taketsuru remembered them perfectly, he didn't mishear it.

– … I'm soorryyy.

After a moment, they heard it again.
Taketsuru and Tokiko looked at each other's face and searched for the owner of the voice.
There she was.
A woman stood up straight at the entrance of the chapel.
The weather was clear outside, but she was dripping wet as if a heavy rain had fell.
She was spoiled while wearing a top quality female suit.
Her long hair stuck to her body, not even her face could be seen.
Somehow, she was an eerie woman, just like a ghost.
– Hey, Sophia. A visitor came to pay a visit. Go call the sister.
Taketsuru quickly called out to the group leader.
At a glance, she was a woman who had special circumstances.
This was a church so maybe she was seeking help. If that was the case, then they had to be quick.
Sophia understood so and tried to head to the back immediately, but,
– Excuse me… it's not□may I come in?□but□I'm sorryyy□. I'm sorry for the confuuusion.
The woman began to say strange things.
While Taketsuru had a question mark floating on his head,
– Why do you need to apologize to us?
Manako had a frightened look in her eyes and asked the soaked woman.
The woman began to explain, looking troubled and very apologetic.
– I'm sorry for saying it this laaate. My name is Émilienne Cavani. I came from Fraaance. In Les éléments, I have the court rank of *Le Liquide*. Ah, I am sorry if you don't know what that iiiiis. And, I'm sorry for not going straight to the pooint. I am truly sorry, it is hard for me to say this, but it's absolutely necessary that everyone becomes like ragged dust clothes for the sake of Charles-samaaa. I am sorry, I am sorry, I am sorryyy.*
*TN: Le Liquide is the furigana reading for "Liquid = 1" and it means the liquid.
The thing she said was preposterous.
– What the hell!? Why is the French Division aiming at us!?
– I am sorryyy. I didn't come here to taaaalk.
The soaked woman——Émilienne raised her right hand suddenly.
A saber came flying to it as if it were magic and fit into her palm while drawing a swirl.
Émilienne put the point of the sword looking down and murmured.

– *… Liberation.*
Together with that, the saber melted.
It changed into an impure liquid, fell from the woman’s palm, spread on the ground and disappeared as if permeating through the ground.
However, that was all.
Émilienne didn’t do anything while standing up straight compared to the dangerous remark she said.
Without lowering his guard, Taketsuru stood ready to protect Manako behind him, however, a question mark floated on his head again, saying□Was this… a joke?□.
But,
– Don’t lose your focus!
The regular member Takenaka raised the alarm.
He was a *Kuroma* who really felt like an herbivore, he was the man regarded as the head of the second years until the other day when Haruka was promoted to B-Rank.*
*TN: In this context, herbivore refers to young men who aren’t interested in aggressively pursuing women, money and sex.
– *Les éléments*… of the French□Cradle of the Sun□! This person is a golem user! Hit the person in——
Takenaka couldn’t shout to the end.
Suddenly, a straight crack appeared in the floor at his feet and a splash of water gushed up from there.
The liquid that was compressed like a blade and jetted out at a high output cut off from the right knee of Takenaka to the left cheek of his innocent face like a razor in a straight line.
A blood splash danced, the sacred chapel was covered in blood.
– Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.
Takenaka pressed his face and chest and crouched due to the intense pain.
The gushing of the liquid blade stopped in an instant, but it made the blood of almost everyone in this place run cold.
The golem couldn’t be seen.*
*TN: Golem is the furigana reading for enemy.
They didn’t know where it would come from.
– I am sorryyy. I don’t have any grudge against you, but I can’t go easy on you, I am sorryyy.
The unpleasantness of Émilienne who kept excusing herself apologetically with all her heart reinforced the enshrouding gray mood.
– What are you doing!? Hit the real body! Don’t make Takenaka’s death be in vain!
However, and as one would expect, Tokiko had nerves of steel.
She assessed the situation in an instant and gave orders.
The *Shirogane* members, regardless of their status (regular, reserve), reacted immediately and obeyed the order of the vice-captain.
– Fools, you aren’t dead yet!

And, don’t let her kill you.
Taketsuru manifested a sword from his ID Tag and tried to charge at Émilienne——but he was caught by Manako.
– Mana-chan?
– Tsugihara-kun! Nosada-kun! Below you!
Manako raised a loud shout like she never did.
She took off her glasses and exposed her flaming and shining eyes.
Her face, which stared in a ghastly look, was so beautiful it was divine.
Manako was a *Clairvoyance* expert.
They followed that warning and rolled at once, trying to void the liquid blade that spurted out from the floor.
However, Tsugihara reacted too late and followed the same end as Takenaka.
– Everyone, don’t do poor movements and just be cautious about what’s at your feet! Since cracks run before it attacks, you can avoid it even if the one seeing them is a *Kuroma*!
The inside of the chapel erupted in echo with the precise advice of Manako.
– I am sorryyyy. Since nobody can’t attack, all that you will do is glare at each ooother?
– Huh! As if you care about us! In the meantime, we’ll call for reinforcements.
Tokiko proudly folded her arms and smiled contemptuously.
– Kuraki, get in contact with Haimura, Haneda, you call Isurugi and Shidou, get in touch with the Academy.
She not only acted big, she also quickly gave adequate directions.
But——
– Haimura… is busy…
Screams rose from everywhere.
– What!? Hmm… no, wait. Someone’s calling me…. Hello? Yeah, you’re the kid that is always clinging to Haimura. What? Haimura’s with you? I see——
Tokiko talked to her on her smartphone while staring down to the floor.
Everyone carefully listened the course of events and swallowed the saliva held in their mouths while still being cautious of what was at their feet.
– Good news, everyone! Haimura seems to be coming this way right now!
The chapel was covered with cheers.
Taketsuru clenched his fist in one go.
But then again——
– I am sorryyyy. I don’t think that Haimura-san can coooome.
– What do you mean!?
– So please, everyone enjoy yourselves with this child. I am sorryyy.
The golem of Émilienne was really unforgiving.
The floor near the entrance bubbled and a large quantity of liquid oozed from there.
That liquid gathered together and became a near two-meter high wriggling mass.

As soon as it sensed that surprise attacks were useless, it quickly exposed its real form and intimidated them.
– It looks like a slime… like in the games.
The intense grossness was more than its impressiveness.
Its zigzagging movement induced physiological disgust.
Taketsuru, who was in front of the golem that completely showed up, retorted by himself with a bad impression that unconsciously came out of his mouth.
– So, please prepare yourselves. I am sorryyyy.
The slime golem started to move forward, crawling like a worm.
– Since I can see it, it doesn't scare me at all!
Sophia got all excited and met the enemy.
– If it's a simple battle like this, then it's my turn!
The toughest and best power fighter of Akane Academy.
The *number three* charge attack ranked next to Isurugi and Moroha as a *Shirogane*.
The slime golem grew several tentacles, extended them like spears and thrust them, but Sophia didn't worry in the least.
She became invulnerable with *High Durability* and repelled every single attack.
She made her fist be clad in the radiance of her brilliant *prana*, brandished it with all her strength and swung her strong arm with all that she had.
If it were someone like Taketsuru, Sophia's *Destructive Fist* would pulverize it in a single hit.
That directly hit the slow-moving golem!
The fist of Sophia immediately sunk into it vigorously. Taketsuru involuntarily shouted with exultation.
The fist, which had an excess momentum, penetrated it deeper and deeper, and Taketsuru clenched his fists spontaneously.
But… the momentum seemed to be too much….
The right arm steadily went into the body of the slime… Taketsuru was bewildered, he said □Huh?□.
This incredible destructive power didn't penetrate it….
On the contrary, it seemed like it was swallowing it….
The slime golem appeared to not feel pain….
While Taketsuru had such suspicion, the slime golem made its body stretch and finally wrapped up the whole body of Sophia….
Without bearing it, Sophia acted violently, but nothing could be done.
The golem made of liquid had nothing to hold on to, she was in a state like she was drowning.
Bubbles leaked out one after another from the mouth with the clenched teeth, and they gradually became smaller.
– I am sorryyyy. No matter how much power you have, hitting and cutting and stabbing and all those things will have no effect on this chiiiild.
– Save Sophia!

– I am sorryyy. I think it’s too laaate.
As Émilienne pointed out, a conspicuously big bubble leaked from Sophia’s mouth.
And then, the bubbles came to an end.
The slime golem spat Sophia who completely fainted.
– I am sorryyy. That person is strooong. That’s why I didn’t let her suffer as much as possible… there’s nothing you could have dooone. I am sorry, I am sorryyy.
The inside of the chapel was enveloped by a heavy silence.
**That** Sophia attacked without delivering the attack, on the contrary, she was easily defeated.
Everyone lost their voice.
– If so, then let’s just freeze it with Dark Arts!
It was this man who broke such a hopeless mood this time.
– Be confused by the artistic *White Breath* of Mannendou Kamekichi-sama! Child of ice□ Child of snow□.
– Born from water Return to water And collapse.
The Dark Art of Émilienne was completed faster than Kamekichi’s Dark Art which had started first.
A blow like a waterfall flowing directly horizontal struck Kamekichi, he was washed away to the back as he was and slammed against the wall behind him.
Several people beside Kamekichi were swallowed up by the *Hydro Blast* and all of them didn’t move as they collapsed.
Even the fully fledged and qualified *Kuroma* Kamekichi.
However, the Dark Art used by Émilienne was different in speed, accuracy, power, force, level, even status, just about everything was different.
It was far beyond ten-odd levels higher.
This was merely a 1st Rank *Hydro Blast*, but even when she used it, it looked like a terrifying unknown Dark Art.
– You… said that you came from France, right…? What’s your rank…?
The always arrogant Tokiko had the color drained from her face.
It was a pointless question to ask.
Despite the fact that there was a number of B-Rank people in this place, including Tokiko, they were overwhelmed….
– I am sorryyy. I’m embarrassed so I said nothiiiing. I may look like this, but I’m the second strongest among *Les Éléments*. I am sorry for stealing your hopes, I am sorry, I am sorry, I am sorryyy.
Émilienne truly apologetically apologized for all that she has deliberately done.
What on earth was that kind of mental make-up structure she had?
Taketsuru stopped trying thinking about it. He looked down into the bottomless abyss but he stopped that thought because he felt a chill like he wouldn’t be able to return.
Yes, Taketsuru was scared from the bottom of his heart.

However, the eyes of Manako were there. He was grateful for that.
He didn't want to show an unattractive side of his to her.
– Protect Kanzaki——the *Kuromas*! Now it's evident that Ice Dark Arts have an effect on the slime!
Taketsuru had his weapon at the ready again and said a good thing.
Émilienne didn't look like she was perturbed at all.
– At any rate, we'll survive! We'll hold out until reinforcements come!
He rushed to where Tokiko was and protected her back.
– We feel this is the end because we've faltered! We are the "Saviors"!
He shouted in complete desperation to inspire everyone and himself above all else.
This time, Manako didn't restrain him.
– We are the "Strike"——
And quietly stood next to him.
She exchanged glances with him, nodded to each other and Taketsuru confronted the slime golem.
The atrocious monster made of liquid and similar to the natural enemy of the *Shirogane* crawled towards them.
Taketsuru frantically suppressed the fear that spoiled his heart moment by moment by putting up with it.

The home of Isurugi Jin, the captain of *Strikers*, was not so far from Akane Academy.
The neighboring city was two stations away by train.
He went home once a week to teach the basics to his younger brother Gen, but now he almost never visited it.
As soon as he enrolled, he never came home to meet him because Gen began to skip classes.
Last night, when his father finally recommended changing schools to his younger brother, he was told that he got angry and acted violently. When he heard so from his mother who called him while crying, Isurugi returned home with a calm anger.

– Gen. Are you there?
He knocked on the door of his younger brother's room and let him know he was there without getting in.
Without letting the truth of Akane Academy be heard by his parents, he faced the situation and talked on his own. Just in case, he kept the volume of his voice in check.
– Whoooah!? That voice… aniki!?

He heard the voice of his extremely frightened younger brother from inside. It seems he fully understood the mess he himself made.
– Our biological father is an ordinary person. And you, the *Savior,* used violence. Is that something that can be allowed?
– … No, it isn't. I completely lost my cool…
How deplorable. Isurugi slowly shook his head in denial.
– You always have had a rough behavior. But you swore to me and the school principal that you would make sure to seriously control yourself to become a *Savior*, didn't you? When will that oath be fulfilled?
– I, I haven't forgotten about that! Actually, I came to the point of learning from Aniki and I intended to be serious――
– Even if I'm not aware that you were playing the hypocrite only in front of me?
– Uuh…
The excellent older brother who had a shallow younger brother gave a sigh of disappointment from the bottom of his lungs.
– The ones who ended up awakening early as *Saviors* cannot attend school. So you were allowed to attend junior high school. Although you are not an Akane Academy student, it was decided that learning *Ancestral Arts* was okay. And I decided to teach the basics to my blood relative. Special case, special case, special case. All because the gentle school principal told me to do so. When Maya-kun, who is a distant relative of the school principal, has no favoritism at all…. Do you get that? You keep betraying the expectations and kindness of the school principal.
– Ah, Aniki doesn't understand my feelings.
– **That is obvious**, you know? How embarrassing. How much of a child are you?
Isurugi scolded him harshly without raising his voice.
– The people that are your relatives can't peek into the others' hearts. That's why it's important to do an effort to get someone understand you. That's how trust is cultivated.
His younger brother on the other side of the door kept silent.
He thought that being silent would be the end of it and that perseverance of his was pitiable.
– There are no more chances, Gen. If you can't regain your footing even by shutting yourself in the house, and you just get worse, then I know what to do.
– D-d-don't do that! It's just I can't return to school, it's so embarrassing even now! Father doesn't get that! I'm working incredibly hard now…
– In this situation, being confined indoors, what kind of hard work can you do?
– Tanaka … I mean Tanaka-sensei comes frequently to give me supplementary lessons.
– Hmm…
Isurugi pondered for a moment.

This was like a grateful story, just like his younger brother taking advantage of Tanaka-sensei's kindness.
– Wha? Wha? You think I'm lying when I say I'm doing my best? If Aniki looks at my seriousness right now, then you would be astonished, you know? This time I'll defeat that damn Haimura! If I do so, my confidence will return to me and I'll attend school!
In fact, his younger brother became cheerful in an instant. Was it because his own words made him feel that good?
Isurugi deeply gave a sigh of disappointment again.
"Will my lungs get empty, I wonder?" he thought.
– So, when will that be possible?
– In a month! … No, in two months, Aniki!
– Got it. During the second semester, it will be decided whether you're stronger than Haimura-kun or you change schools. That's all.
Isurugi knew that there was a school that became the receiver of Akane Academy students who couldn't keep up with it.
– Ueeh!?
– I will be praying that giving you your final notice isn't something that is decided.
Isurugi left those words with him and went away without seeing his younger brother's face not even once.
He was self-conscious he was a cold older brother.
But it was his nature.
Since always, Isurugi preferred to look up rather than look down.
For better or worse, he wouldn't lie, his nature wouldn't allow him to cheat himself.
(One of the two will be able to triumph first, but it would be great if you win. Gen)
He calmed his crying mother and his father who had a swollen face saying I persuaded him well and left home.
He walked in the residential district where he was born and raised and headed to the train station.
Holiday noon.
Were they always this silent?
Not even a single person could be seen.
Only the sound of a dreary bell resounded.
The ringtone of the mobile phone broke such quiet atmosphere.
It was a call from Kaneda, a kouhai of *Strikers*.
– Hello?
C-captain, please help us! We're being attacked by a golem user of the French Division!
Isurugi, who heard his cornered voice, had a grim expression in his eyes.
Why the French Division?
He checked the situation while giving quick steps.
He managed to calm the kouhai who panicked in fear and understood,

– Got it. I’m heading to the church now. However, I’m far from there. Can you hang on?
Isurugi gave him detailed instructions to report to everyone and ended the phone call.
– Now――
Then, he turned around.
The asphalt road put between the fences of every house.
The narrow road where cars would just barely come and go.
It stretched straight to an intersection in the distance――a man in a black suit stood beyond that.
The saber affixed to his hip told him that he wasn’t following him for usual business.
– ――Are you also a staff of the French Division?
– Yes, I am.
The man assented with dignity.
A great man with a splendid aquiline nose.
Isurugi was an un-Japanese in appearance whose height was more than 190cm, but this big man was more than 10cm taller than him.
This was the first time in a while he experienced something like talking and looking up at a person’s face.
– Are you Isurugi Jin-dono, famous for being the strongest in Akane Academy?
– Certainly, I’m Isurugi Jin, but the title of the strongest already belongs to Haimura-kun.
– I didn’t express myself well. We have determined to disregard that S-Rank person.
The great man with an aquiline nose closed his eyes solemnly and bowed his head slightly.
– I am Zlatan. I’ve been conferred the rank of the first knight of the『Cradle of the Sun』and I’ve been granted the court rank of *Le Solide*.*
*TN: Le Solide is the furigana reading for solid = 1.
– Oh, you’re that one. The rumored one since long ago.
– I am greatly obliged.
The great man with an aquiline nose――Zlatan had a facial expression that said『I will speak fast』.

Isurugi heard from him once.
From a *Kuroma*, from one of his senpais who went to France to study abroad for six months.
The teachings of the French Division――strictly speaking, the magic concept of the『Cradle of the Sun』――was that all creation was made of five materials.
It wasn’t the old-fashioned concept of『earth, water, fire and wind』which was full of strained interpretations and chop logic.
This was an advanced and practical concept.

Namely the five main elements were: □Solid□□Liquid□□Gas□□Force□and □Spirit□.
Based on that magic concept,□Cradle of the Sun□trained golems.
Each of the best pupils, who were called *Les Éléments*, were conferred a court rank depending on the depth of their knowledge, their truth to any of the five elements and the understanding of the mysteries.
If one was Raam, then one was a golem user that was the best versed in□Spirit□rituals, and the knight who followed them below him was Raam 2.*
*TN: Forgive me in this case the translation for □□□ (Raam). Since it's using French language as a reference, it's very difficult to land with a word for it (there are like 5 different coincidences for □□□ so…
There was no hierarchical relationship between the five *Le Premiers* who were the best well versed in each of the five elements.*
*TN: Le Premiers means The Firsts and they are the furigana for "= 1"
However, in terms of strength, there was an authoritative superiority.
The strongest among the five *Le Premiers*, that is, the first knight who stood at the top of *Les éléments*.
It was not an exaggeration to say that the mysterious person known as Zlatan——if we exclude those who are out of the common sense, obviously, was the strongest *Savior*.
Zlatan declared solemnly.
– Isurugi Jin-dono. Given that we are both the strongest, I challenge you to a duel.
Isurugi heard so and replied calmly.
– I accept your challenge. Neither I nor you are the strongest though.
The giant man with an aquiline nose laughed.
– You are a stubborn person.
– I'm often called an obstinate person, you know?
Isurugi didn't relax his cheeks at all.
He looked to both ends of the street with an overly serious facial expression.
He only could hear the sound of the bell and couldn't see the figures of people or cars.
That was good, but there were houses right behind the fences to the left and right.
– Is it possible to change location at least?
– That is unnecessary. Even though they are unimportant persons for a knight, it's not my intention to drag innocent people into this. I swear that I will fight without damaging any house.
– Hmmm…. Could it be that ordering people to leave was your deed?
– That is correct.
Zlatan agreed solemnly.
– In the first place, I have no resentment, and it wasn't even my real intention to torment weak *Saviors*. Even though I heard that you and the

others of *Strikers* were more than students and the main force of the Japanese Division, I couldn't accept it. What I want is a magnificent duel with a real strong person! That's why I prepared a stage for that.
He spread his thick long arms over the narrow road, threw out his chest and continued speaking sonorously.
– There's no place to avoid me in a narrow path like this, and if we fight, we have no choice but to collide with our strength head-on. That is certainly majestic! And if you, an A-Rank like me is my opponent, then I won't be dissatisfied in the least!
He unsheathed the saber on his hip with an exaggeration typical of a star with his chest still thrown out.
– I am absolutely grateful that you have met my expectations——*Liberation*.
Finally, Zlatan recited something in a quiet voice.
Then, the readied saber emitted a flash of light, a red hot light similar to melted iron and changed its shape.
It was similar to the process of making the weapon manifest from a *Shirogane's* ID Tag.
If it wasn't because he heard he was a *Kuroma* before, Isurugi would have misunderstood.
The red hot saber began to expand even more and somehow twisted around the giant body of Zlatan.
Isurugi was amazed——by the absolutely unexpected result.
An instant later, the giant body of Zlatan expanded again.
He was now three meters tall and the thickness of his body was multiplied by 4.
A demon in armor and helmet.
That fantastic thing standing there should be called like that.
– I'm surprised. I can't believe there was a golem to put on one's body. On top of that, one wouldn't believe that there is a *Kuroma* who fights hand-to-hand, right?
– The moment when you have discarded various ideas, the magic will stagnate and die out.
That struck home. Isurugi raised his collapsed cheeks.
– Now! Why don't we share the joy of fighting together!?
Zlatan roared.
The three-meter tall mass of metal came charging.
How much would his gross weight be?
A heavy rush to the point subterranean rumbling occurred with every step.
Certainly, he didn't swear he wouldn't damage the road, but cracks entered and developed on the asphalt every time his feet stepped on it.
There was a *bull fighter* called Sophia in *Strikers*, and while both her *power* and *pressure* were good, the intensity of Zlatan's charge was incomparable.*
*TN: Power and pressure are furigana readings for physical strength and heavy pressure respectively.

He close in on the enemy and raised his right heel overhead like in karate or taekwondo.
He showed surprising techniques that didn't match his heavy outward appearance.
Then what about the height of the raised heel!?
Isurugi's tall figure was completely covered by his shadow, he made his chin raise to the limit.
– This isn't something you can receive with *High Durability!*
Zlatan swung the heel downward.
He knew that even if he wasn't warned.
If he were to receive this thing directly, he would be crushed flat even if he was an A-Rank *Shirogane*.
The heel that looked like a giant lump of iron raised a sound and approached him with an almost vertical momentum.
It directly hit the top of the head of Isurugi who still looked up astonished.
He was brought down to the ground with an excessive momentum and drilled a very deep hole.
It was an incredible impact, nevertheless, little damage was spread to the surroundings.
That meant that the power of the heel was focused.
A kick backed by martial arts. He didn't leave everything up to sheer strength and weight.
– Well done.
The subdued voice of Isurugi, who should have received the direct hit, resounded.
– You also did it nicely!
Zlatan admired him.
A *fake* Isurugi received the heel drop.
He only hit an afterimage made by *Giant Gate*.
The person in question took a roundabout path and was already behind Zlatan.
– Your power is amazing. Not even Sophia-kun is that heavy.
Was it harsh for a *Kuroma* to seek speed?
However, there was no reason to considerate that.
Isurugi let his already manifested broad sword brim with all his *prana*.
An electric current danced like a snake on the surface of the hard sword blade.
*Mars*——A super advanced technique that transformed one's *prana* into one's original form.
An act Isurugi Jin excelled at.
He struck the back of Zlatan that was like a wall of metal with the sword transformed into the sword of the God of Thunder with all his might.
The sound of a blow striking something hard was heard!
And sparks of raging electric current! *
*TN: Sparks is the furigana reading for flash of light.

He released the biggest attack with the first blow and brought it down at the fastest speed.
If this wasn’t magnificent, then how should it be called?
Isurugi, who released the deadly sword, couldn’t get——the certain response he was looking for.
He gazed at him in wonderment again.
The sword attack of Isurugi was as much as a hairline, it didn’t hurt Zlatan’s back.
Isurugi’s lightning attack only made a slight burn on Zlatan’s back.
– No one is superior to me when it comes to making a hard golem.
Zlatan turned around.
With an imposing air as if the hits during this time didn’t hit him.
Isurugi fell in his provocation on purpose and struck him with another stroke of *Mars*.
This time, he aimed at the knee joints which were a moveable part instead of the back which was like a single sheet of metal.
However, and like he thought, he couldn’t land a single scratch on them, and as such, he couldn’t make Zlatan inside the golem receive the electric shock.…

– Then again, I am able to collect and alloy only the strong points of multiple minerals and metals. The electrical resistivity of mica is more than 10^13.
On the contrary, Zlatan pushed up the struck knee and attacked with a back roundhouse kick to turn around.
The huge and unrefined steel knee was driven into Isurugi's chest.
This time it wasn't a *fake*.
A direct hit.
– And no matter how heavy I am, if I counterattack while receiving blows, then it's possible for me to hit even a *Shirogane*.
His explanations no longer reached Isurugi who was experiencing a sharp pain.
Instead, his body made him realize that.
The tall figure of Isurugi flew more than ten meters in the air, then fell and finally stopped, scraping off the asphalt road for more than 30 meters.
It wasn't something that he could sustain with *High Durability*. He had not even a single rib safe, and a lot of blood spouted out from his mouth.
He turned *prana* into healing with *Naikatsutsuu*, but his body didn't recover from the shock. He couldn't get up.
– You understand it once you experience it, huh. You haven't lost your fighting spirit even when you suffered damage now. That's an example, a proof that you're an indomitable warrior. Now I shall bring you down with respect.
Zlatan approached running to pursue him.
Even though he was heavy.
But that was why he had a deadly majesty.
The captain of *Strikers* was the same as a baby in front of the first knight of *Les Éléments*——

Moroha was astonished.
Moroha was indeed astonished.
– Humph——
Charles sniffed like he wasn't interested.
At the same time, he spelled a 1st Rank Dark Arts with his right hand.
He didn't write those ancient magic characters with his index finger.
He waved his right hand horizontally as if cutting the air with a hand used like a sword.
After he finished swinging it, a one-line phrase was drawn.
It attacked Moroha, becoming raging flames.

– Kuh.
Moroha rolled on the rooftop of the building to avoid the *Flare* that scattered in a wide range.
The two sabers that danced in the air came to thrust him, Moroha rotated a few times more and escaped to a safe place.
– Good grief. Escaping is the only ability that you have, seventh person?
Charles swung his hand horizontally, looking bored.
**With his left hand now.**
*White Breath* was completed in an instant, a cold wind like a coldthrower and not a flamethrower attacked.
Moroha jumped backwards without enduring it and landed on the rooftop of a nearby building.
The two sabers, which were far away from the range of a *Shirogane*, returned to the waist of Charles.
Charles hasn't moved from that spot since the battle started.
Moroha had to go this way and that way.
In this defensive battle, he just kept dodging.
Because the spelling speed of Charles was unusual——no, abnormal.
– You're amazing.
The battle distance was quite long, Moroha wiped the sweat under his chin.
Frankly speaking, Moroha had never seen a spelling done by a *Kuroma* faster than him.
Not even Shizuno, Tokiko, the teachers, the worst and most sinister Russians or Lightning Empress.
But Charles's speed was on another level.
Like a bicycle and a jet fighter, for example.
Just omitting the chanting wouldn't make it that fast.
The secret was that movement, to use a hand like a sword horizontally.
He divided a phrase into five equal parts and used all five fingers from the thumb to the little finger and wrote it by dividing the work between the fingers.
While he could simply spell it with both hands, he couldn't imitate it, that kind of thing looked incomprehensible.
The idea was wonderful. The practice was amazing. Actually, what he did was the most amazing thing. And yet——
– Amazing? This much?
Charles spat out with a displeasured face.
– What the hell? If you still have an ace up your sleeve, then show it without being so stingy.
– As you wish. Don't die for being that much surprised, alright?
Charles stuck out the five fingers of his extended right hand to the front.
As soon as that happened, and with a movement as if opening a sliding door from left to right.
A phrase of five lines was drawn in the empty sky after a moment.
– Geh…

If a person died from surprise, then Moroha would probably be dead.
He didn’t know anyone who would try to spell a 5th Rank Dark Arts in the lapse of a few seconds.
Not even his memories as the Dark King Shu Saura found someone like that.*
*TN: The kanji behind Dark King means Hades, but I will go with Dark King.
Black, hellish flames manifested.
Moroha jumped with no regard to his appearance and evacuated from the building.
The black flames trampled down the rooftop a bit late and licked and melted both the reinforced steel and concrete without distinction.
From mid-air, Moroha overlooked the disastrous scene with a tensed expression.
On the other hand, Charles, who used Moroha’s specialty *Black Gehenna* at a speed and skillfulness that Moroha couldn’t replicate at all, waved his left hand, looking bored. From left to right, as if moving heavy objects out of the way.
That much completed the 5th Rank Dark Arts *Blizzard Specter*.
When the pure-white cold waves swirled and gathered together, they changed into countless groups of ghosts and rushed towards him.
Sad and hateful screams mixed during the sound of the violent blizzard.
– The chains of hell catch any kind of ghosts without setting them free!
Moroha hurriedly spelled *Bind*.
He bound the manifested chain to the rooftop fence of a nearby building and moved his own body there by pulling the chain in.
It would be terrible if he hadn’t get used to aerial maneuvers with *Bind*.
– You sure are a codswallop guy!
Moroha shouted as he clung to the fence.
He landed on an even distant building and wouldn’t reach Charles unless he shouted.
Moroha’s *Clairvoyance* captured PSG’s nonsense as if it were a slow-motion video.
A one line phrase with one finger. Five-line phrase with five fingers.
He put them into written form all at once.
This meant that if Moroha used a 1st Rank Dark Arts, then Charles would use a 5th Rank Dark Arts almost as fast as him.
*He wanted to complain with “Is this a contest!?”*
However, it appeared that Charles’s thinking was different,
– Nonsense. I don’t want to be told that by a guy who handles both Light Techniques and Dark Arts at the same time.
He heard his objection like he was disgusted with *Clairvoyance*.
That last offense and defense——
A *Kuroma* wouldn’t be able to evacuate from the building with *Godlike Movement* and a *Shirogane* wouldn’t be able to do aerial maneuvers with *Bind*, he was in a completely difficult position. Moroha could use both so

that was why Charles, who was able to say a complaint like that now, pointed it out.
– That's right, Well, I don't exactly have abilities to run from place to place only!
Moroha kicked the fence, landed on a rooftop and stared at Charles in the distance.
He was still in range of his Dark Arts. However, if compared to his swords, he was far.
A chance to use a great magic.
– Write――
He began spelling with the index finger of his left hand. And started to chant.

*Land of despair Bone-freezing sky Lend me your breath Make their bodies, even their souls freeze*
*The prosperous and mortal ones are the divine providence of the world The inevitable karma given by the laws of God*
*Like water continuously flowing downward Taking all heat away*
*Show me the world where everything stopped As if even time was frozen*
*I am a person who refuses to understand Those who seek nothing but absoluteness*
*Show me the extremes of the Eternal beauty that nobody will destroy without being destroyed By anybody and everybody*

*Ancestral Arts' Dark Arts Cryoclasm.*
Since his opponent was Charles, then that gave him time to use an 8th Rank spell.
However, he tactically concluded that a 6th one should be enough.
And so, while in terms of speed and technique he fell short, he was confident that he wouldn't lose in a magic power comparison.
A micro-sized, extremely cold hell was released from the left hand of Moroha.
Its power didn't compare to Charles's *Blizzard Specter*, but the cold wave that should have the same despair and nihility as that raged and attacked by transforming into a storm that scattered *Diamond Dust*.
Charles, who saw that, readied his right hand, looking bored.
Naturally, with absolutely no enthusiasm unless he was in dismay.
– This is a problem. Do you know how much the *mana* of Dark Arts drops if the chanting is omitted?
Together with that, he also readied his left hand.
– It's usually halved. Though it can be raised by training. Still, it's 73% at best――
Ten fingers waved at once, a double spelling of a five-line phrase.
He put two *Black Gehenna* into written form at the same time with his two hands.

– ——And a 146% in total with this.
He calmly released a thing called Double 5th Rank Dark Arts and made it crash into Moroha's *Cryoclasm*. They cancelled each other out extremely easily. A long drop of sweat went along the spine of Moroha.
– And with this, I've confirmed. That yours and Lightning Empress's *mana* are certainly rare. At best, I'd say that it's about 1.5 times higher than mine.
– What a persistent and nonsensical guy you are…
Charles simply said "about 1.5 times", but——
If common sense was used, if there was a magic power difference to that extent, it wouldn't amount to victory. It would be overwhelming.
But Charles easily tried to defy common sense.
He was beyond that kind of thing, and that was why he embodied what was called to be an S-Rank.
– Hey, seventh person. It looks like you don't know, so I'll give you a pointless advice.
Charles said with a sour look, looking uninterested.
With no pride or show of force, just an expected fact as it was expected with a cold tone of voice.
– I have an 8th incantation, but I can't use any flashy Dark Arts. But the strongest *Dark Savior* in the world——is me.

Evidently.
Evidently, evidently, evidently!
Moroha agreed from the bottom of his heart with admiration.
AJ was incredibly surprised when Moroha spelled a simple Dark Arts with a foot in Russia.
That thing, after all, was like a magic trick.
This was a technique——no, a performance.
Charles used it like it was nothing, this kind of thing!
How much hard training did he do and for how many years until he was able to do a thing like this? It was completely unimaginable for Moroha.
The praises, which resembled a deep emotion that impacted him, began to well up one after another.
This man was amazing. He was so great that he couldn't be described with the word "sugoi".
*TN: Please note that all the "amazing" used in this scenario come from sugoi. Sugoi, depending on context, can mean either terrible or amazing.
His companions fell into danger because of this guy, and even when he ran to where they were he obstructed him, he had to defeat him crushingly right now. The anger of Moroha didn't fade at all. Together with that, conflicting emotions ended up gushing forth. They were uncontrollable.
How contradictory was this thing called mind?
(Yeah, I'm also a full-fledged human being, huh…)
He really didn't know the reason why he was called a monster.

– Thank you for your advice. **I understand now**.
Moroha grasped the long sword with both hands and readied it.
Poor Dark Arts wouldn't work against this man.
If so, he would became sharp.
– Oo…h.
He roared and ran.
He jumped from rooftop to rooftop and ran to where Charles was, aiming for the reach of a *Shirogane*.
– Hmm. Many can do so, but making up one's mind is quite the pain.
Charles behaved like a spoiled child and mocked him.
But he didn't seem to be bored.
He put both hands diagonally downward as if feeling the wind.
And, the ten fingers waved.
He spelled a total of 10 1st Rank Dark arts, one for each finger.
He took a deep breath, let the *mana* surge and the onibi in his right eye lit up. It was dyed in a bewitching red.*
*TN: Onibi means will-o'-wisp/friar's lantern/ignis fatuus.
Finally, he showed the true nature of "Le Rouge et bleu" and fired Ice and Flame Dark Arts like a barrage.
If Moroha avoided this, he would never be able to reach Charles.
So, he attacked.
– Suraaa——
He put all the *prana* he had into his sword, placed it on a long sword wave and released it.
He put even more *prana* into it and released a second attack.
He put much more *prana* into it and released a third attack!
*Ancestral Arts' Light Technique Jupiter.*
The destructive waves, which were filled with pure-white sparkles, bared their fangs and bit and tore Charles's Dark Arts barrage head-on.
Moroha broke through there.
Three more buildings——until he reached Charles!
The closer and closer he got, the faster the pressure of the barrage became.
If so, he should also increase the *prana*.
He released an even more powerful *Jupiter* and opened a path.
– Ooooooooooo——
Two more buildings.
– ——Raaah
One more building.
As he did so.
He heard a strange noise.
It sounded like a crack developed in a hard iron.
Moroha opened his eyes and stared at the sword he held.
The fairly polished beautiful sword blade though one wouldn't say it was like a mirror.
In it, the line of an ugly crack was born.

It was about to self-collapse, without being able to withstand the excessively strong *prana* of Moroha.
– How pathetic. Is it even proportionately armored? You were able to strain it well with Edward.
The voice of Charles sounded like he pressed for an answer.
*Mana* was kneaded well like a needle.
The skilled in battle who didn't miss the small chance to win and played his trump card only when it counted. *
*TN: Trump card is the furigana reading for secret art.
For the first time, Charles, who was with eyes-half closed like a meditating ascetic, used Dark Arts combined with chanting.
– Listen and respect me I am the empty sky And the empty sky is everything
Something snapped inside his body and scattered, becoming a small impact.
The sleeves and hems of his suit fluttered violently.
And——Charles's body flew in the air.
He 「Flew」and not「Jumped」.*
*TN: This sentence in Japanese puts the verbs in brackets (the Kanji specifically) because both verbs have the same structure.
He soared high in the sky while drawing a spiral, then stood still in the heavens and glared at him.
The "Magician of the Eiffel Tower" carried the sun on his back like a solar eclipse.
That made Moroha look up at the area which was once his absolute throne and groaned.
– What… was that "I can't use flashy Dark Arts"…? You liar…
The truth was that not even the Dark King knew of its existence, of the technique to fly freely in the sky.
– Nonsense. This is a cheap technique compared to an incantation.
Charles began a heavy bombing of Dark Arts.
Moroha intercepted the burst of flames and blizzard that rained incessantly from the sky with *Jupiter*.
One swing, two swings, a crack developed in the sword blade each time it was swung.
A defensive-only state.
The sword wouldn't reach that height.
In other words, he wouldn't reach Charles as a *Shirogane*.

At the four swing, the sword of Moroha finally shattered.
This was Charles Saint-Germain's *The Origin*.
According to the name given by the White Knight Organization——
It was Tenkuu Hishou's *Overlord Overwatch*.
*TN: Tenkuu hishou roughly means "flying in the sky".

# Chapter 7: Their mortal combat (second half)

When she was a kid, her dream was to have a cake shop.
Make, sell and eat cakes with her wonderful husband every day.
The story of a very young Satsuki who still hadn't remembered any memories of her previous life.
It was different now. She wanted to become a splendid *Savior* and stand next to Moroha.
Her dreams for the future weren't uncertain, they were realistic goals.
But sometimes, the feelings of wanting to run a cake shop bring back that innocent wish.
So, for example——

– This is a new autumn work, but how does it taste, Nii-sama ♥?
– Ah, let me try it. Hmm… well… Have you think of adding a bit more of Cointreau?
– Hohou, I've gotten to know Moroha-san more and more.
– That's because I've been eating the cakes you've made every day. My tongue can't stop enjoying them.
– Gee□z, why do you say tha□t? It'd be bad if your stomach never gets satisfied, you know?
– It's fine, it's fine. Making cakes is quite the labor, so if we keep making them, there won't be time for me to get fat.
– Yup. I agree with you.
– By opening the store with you and getting to help you, I understood very well…
– Hmm? What?
– How tiring it is to make them, the cakes that you have baked for me. Now, I'm slowly coming to…
– G-gee□□□z. You're so fo□rmal. If it's for Moroha, then I can do anything.
– Thanks. Again. Satsuki…
– Moroha…
– Let's go back to our everyday lives.
– Moroha… ♥.

——*In what state am I!?*
This wasn't just a virtual image made from Satsuki's convenient desires, actually, if it was Moroha, he would say this was reality! Don't let anyone say you're a deluded girl!
She could have such a realistic imagination because she simulated it in her brain over and over and over and over and over again.
And if she could run a coffee shop with Moroha at the school festival, then bittersweet exchanges should amount to 80% even if what she was told wasn't something like this.
She should be able to simulate the dream she gave up since she was aiming to be a *Savior*.
Ho□w m□uch w□as sh□e looking forward to it!?
How much had she been looking forward to the day, which was today, and that became the first step, since the coffee shop was decided?

– And yet, why, why is this happeniiiiiing!?

Satsuki screamed with tears in her eyes. At the same time, she swung her small sword.
With anger, and putting aaaaaaaaall her *prana* into it, she released it immediately.
A shining, golden long sword wind blew violently, mowing down the shelves in the basement food section.
The advanced Light Technique *Jupiter* was used by only a few users at the Akane Academy.
At any rate, for Satsuki, who gave off an overpowered feeling, attacking by putting a lot of *prana* into the sword was surprisingly an easy performance.
Perhaps one should say that it suited her?
The wind of destruction mowed down two, three food shelves on its way and made a hideous gaseous Golem explode.
– **Panting*… *Panting** … I wonder how many of them are now…
– 10 or so. Congrats, I rounded the number.
Shizuno, who was immediately protected by Satsuki, applauded without putting effort into it.
– By the way, what about you?
– Do I lie face down for Ranjou-san's honor? I'm a graceful person after all.
– You say so cleverly. I don't know any other woman who's as shameless as you.
As they cracked jokes with each other, Satsuki sincerely thanked Shizuno.
They were suddenly attacked while shopping in the basement food section, a large quantity of□Golems□ appeared one after another. If they had been alone and had fallen into panic, they probably would have lost heart.

Yes, until just a few minutes ago, Satsuki was happily shopping with every one of *Strikers*.
Originally, Moroha was supposed to come too, so the shopping group candidates were all girls.
Unfortunately, being the case that Moroha couldn't come, she was fully enjoying this girls-only gathering mood while speaking in high spirits.
Satsuki was disappointed at first, but she was gradually drawn into the mood around her.
When a disquieting presence wandered around, Shizuno, who was the only one looking sleepy, swiftly stood straight.
– Don't you hear a strange sound? Like the sound of a bell…
She began to say interesting things like that.
When they noticed, the customers other than themselves had disappeared in the food section.
It was an impossible thing, they couldn't even see the clerks.
Once they gathered everyone, and the very moment when they started discussing what was happening――
– So you came. You're just young girls, aren't cha? I got the unlucky number, huh.
They could hear the voice of an infinitely cheerful man, who, contrary to his words, didn't have a troubled appearance at all.
– The report seems to be accurate, we shall be careful of spies later.
They could hear a calm, handsome and yet somewhat cold voice of a man resounding there.
When they noticed, a really suspicious-looking duo stood there.
One of them was a middle-aged man with an unpleasant look who went beyond handsome and who applied perfume on himself.
The other man was a young black man with bottomless feelings who smiled gently but his eyes didn't smile at all.
Both were smartly dressed up in black suits and had sabers hanging on their waists.
– What do we do? I feel ashamed for having to be violent with girls.
– You do have a point. By the way, young ladies. Will your representative welcome us?
The two men began to say selfish things.
The gazes of Satsuki and all the members were gathering at Haruka, the oldest regular member.
Haruka reluctantly dealt with the two people as her cheeks stiffened.
The unpleasant-looking middle-aged man gave his name as he applied perfume on him.
– I'm Dario Veratti. A knight of France's□Cradle of the Sun□. My court rank is *Le Gaz**. And this one is Blaise-chan *Renaji Deux**.
*TN: First one means gas and it's the furigana reading for Gas = 1 and the other one in katakana is "□□□□" and like a previous term, I don't know how

to translate it because it forms a French word I don’t know. It’s the furigana reading for Force = 2.
Most of the girls, including Satsuki, didn’t know who they were, but Shizuno’s body was stiff.
She pushed Haruka aside who had just been decided as the representative,
– What’s the business of two high-ranked knights of Les Éléments in the distant Japan? As you said, Moroha isn’t here, is he?
She was careful, but she asked, throwing out her chest as if to not be treated with contempt.
Then the young black man Blaise showed a gentle smile,
– Will anyone of you come to France with us? Just two or three of you will do. The rest of you can go home. We by no means want to discomfort you. If you wish, it won’t be a problem for you to shop as much as you want at the Bercy Village or dine at the Le Jules Verne while admiring the spectacular night view. We will escort you all.
– What the? Is that an invitation for a date?
– Are you a travel agent or something?
Together with Shizuno being sarcastic, Blaise smiled and Dario just seemed to be interested.
That made made Satsuki understand that these two were truly dangerous.
– We can really go home later?
Haruka signaled with her eyes while reminding that to Blaise and Dario, and Satsuki and Shizuno supported her by nodding.
– We only want to summon Haimura-chan to Paris, that’s our only objective.
– We dislike useless fights.
Both Dario and Blaise didn’t seem to be small fries telling absurd lies——they replied back to most of the shopping group——while being more or less cautious. The girls were all reserve corps members with no fighting experience.
– We’ll return and bring reinforcements!
They parted from them, waving their hands to the girls who promised so with crying faces.
The ones who remained were Satsuki, Shizuno and Haruka, those three.
– Will you kindly come with us?
– Absolutely NOT!
– We’d rather bite our tongues than making Moroha have unwilling thoughts because of us.
– I-I’m not so determined to go that far, but I’m not going to accept your incomprehensible demand!
Dario and Blaise looked at each other’s face and lamented each response of the three being different from the other two.
– You’re unreasonable but vigorous girls——
– Will you please surrender before you die?
They pulled out the sabers from the scabbards and let the *Golems* manifest.

And so, the battle between the trio of Satsuki, Shizuno and Haruka and the pair of *Golem* users started.

– These thiiiiiiiiiiings! They're endleeeeeeeesss!
Satsuki instantly glared at the consolidating 11th and 12th Gas Golems while blowing them away with *Jupiter*.
Dario, who was hidden behind the mowed down food shelves, raised both hands with dramatic movements.
– How many of your gas monsters are there!?
– Ah. Who knows? I don't remember well.
Dario shrugged his shoulders without appearing to be making fun of her.
– I'm quickly losing interest. I'm in high spirits and I'm trying to make incredible Golems similar to everyone, but every time I sacrifice them on the way. It's really lamentable when I realize that.
– You can manifest this quantity of Golems at the same time, but the amount of *mana* is somewhat terrifying, isn't it?
– Hehe. It's not so bad to be praised by beautiful wom——ah, ooooops.
Shizuno, who had a ruthless look in her eyes, fired *White Breath* without chanting and Dario rapidly ran away.
He hid in other food shelves again.
– Urushibara, I'll go after him!
– Wait. Your priority is to protect me.
– Gugggggggg, they're endlee□sss.
– Don't lose your focus, Satsukii!
Satsuki, who heard the scolding of Haruka from above, was startled.
When she looked up, feeling a killing intent, a Black Panther□Golem□ kicked the ceiling and attacked, making sure to leap. The Panther Golem itself, which was as fast as a flash, electrified its whole body while making sparks split open.
– **Eeek**
– Fight like it were a practice, you idiot.

Haruka, who could fly like a swallow in flight, kicked it flying from the side, changing the trajectory of the Panther Golem's attack.
– I love you, Momo-senpai ♥.
– I don't need your love, and be reliable. Do you think Shizuno and I can do it alone!?
Haruka landed while nagging, but she grimaced and kneeled down on one knee.
That foot that kicked flying the□Golem□ moments ago.
Satsuki was taken aback.
She directly kicked the always electrified Panther Golem, but she received an electric shock.
– A-are you okay!?
The legs were indispensable for the speed specialized-type Haruka.

Satsuki tried to ran up to her, but she was held back by Haruka with one of her hands.
– You must protect Shizuno. I'll never be brought down that fast.
Saying so, Haruka kicked the ground and charged while grimacing again.
She wasn't okay at all. That was merely a bluff.
Haruka slashed the Panther Golem that dodged the continuous firing of Shizuno's *White Breath* and performed a three-dimensional high speed battle combined with aerial combat.
However, her mobility had clearly dropped.
If they were on par before, now the Panther Golem was superior.
In entangled-like high speed battles, where up and down, left and right were interlaced, Satsuki had no chance to keep up with Shizuno.
They had no choice but to bring down Haruka one-to-one.
However, Dario's judgment said otherwise.
When he saw that the Panther Golem had the advantage, he made all the Golems that were continuously attacking Satsuki and Shizuno rush to Haruka.
– Don't underestimate me! I'm not going to be killed by these dolts!
This time, it wasn't a bluff, and despite having her mobility somewhat reduced, there was no signs of Haruka getting hit by the number of Gas Golems that went rushing.
But――
– Now, Blaise-chan!
To respond to Dario's cry from somewhere, the Panther Golem discharged the electricity from its whole body. A three-meter square area was pierced by lightning spears, and Haruka wouldn't dodge this area attack.
Moreover! The Gas Golems showered with these lightning strikes triggered explosions one after another.
The explosions happened in succession, shocks enveloped, scattered and danced. Fine particles hung over.
Haruka's petite body disappeared in that vortex.
– Momo-senpai!
Satsuki forgot herself and went to save her.
The running momentum created wind, blowing away the fine particles, and arrived at Haruka who collapsed on the floor.
– U… uuh…
She was still alive!
But she lost consciousness.
The Black□Golem□, which was no longer electrified, was aiming at Haruka like a hyena.
– I won't let you!
Satsuki put all her strength into her kicking feet and sped up noticeably.

One of the seven derived techniques of *Godlike Movement*, the walking method named after the sixth star of Hokuto.
The absolutely straight *Bukyoku* that added speed and power to forcibly accelerate.
The Panther Golem had its attention caught by Haruka, so when it noticed her movement, it was already too late.
She turned her whole body into a cannonball and hit it hard from the collar with all her strength.
She planned to sacrifice stamina for speed――? The Golem shattered like splinters.
On the other hand――
As a result of Satsuki rushing out all of a sudden, nobody was next to Shizuno.
Her physical ability was the same as of an ordinary person, while she had offensive arts by means of Dark Arts, there was almost no skill to protect herself, so the *Kuroma* Shizuno was left behind.
There, the gentle voice of Blaise was heard.
– You finally lowered your guard.
From within the shadows――that stretched on the floor from the safe food shelves, the man's head emerged all of a sudden and crawled out of it as he was.
– Is that your【The Origin】? "Shadow Lurker" Blaise-san?
– Oops, you knew my nickname? It is not so simple to introduce myself, is it?
– It isn't, but it's not that you aren't cautious, but more like that old man who seems to be the careless one, yes?
– You have amazing powers of observation. Well, Dario, despite appearances, is a man with a certain skill. Although careless.
Blaise showed a tender smile and pulled out a knife from his breast pocket.
– Still, you've been checkmated.
He slowly and carefully approached.
Shizuno was not good at physical exercise.
She wasn't good at all at unarmed martial arts.
Blaise, on the other hand, was a man, he seemed to have a bit of a toned body.
He was a master at manipulating knives.
– Am I going to be killed?
– No. I'll just escort you to France?
– You're a surprisingly good person, you know?
– If we overdo it too much, Charles-sama will later fall into self-hatred. He is a troublesome person after all.
– I see. That sounds like both of you have a master that is worth to work for.
A bit before she was caught by Blaise, Shizuno moved.
She took out the ID Tag from her bosom and ordered while pouring *mana* into it.

– Come——Dragon Staff Nargravitz.
A flash of light flashed and the ID Tag changed its shape.
And transformed into a dragon made of crystal, ice and cold.
– A Golem!
By the time when Blaise shouted, the loyal ice dragon had ascertained the enemy of its master and automatically swooped down on him.
– I'm the one getting checkmated!?
Blaise got his trunk bitten and became pale from the fear and extremely low temperature that attacked him.
Yes——
She had a Golem but hid it on purpose, the victory of Shizuno started when letting Satsuki protect her. She completely read through him the moment Haruka got her leg hurt in the middle of this until this stage.
(I will have to apologize to Momochi-senpai who acted as a decoy later)
The ruthless and cold-hearted witch of hell wasn't against making small sacrifices for her master.
Due to the sudden drop in his body temperature, Blaise lost consciousness as if falling asleep.
Nargravitz opened its mouth and carelessly threw it away.
Dario remained alone, but——
(Ara, a phone call? From Maya-san?)
Shizuno's smartphone rang, she answered the phone.
「Moroha is in a pinch nanodesu!」
Shizuno's spine got chilly with the opening cry.
– Explain in detail and quickly.
She asked with a trembling voice.
「His sword has been broken by PSG desu! He is an opponent that cannot be defeated in a Dark Arts battle!」
– Got it.
If Maya's report was true, then Shizuno had to decide fast.
Someone had to deliver a replacement ID Tag to Moroha.
– Ranjou-san!
Calling her desperately, Satsuki was coming back all sweaty, holding Haruka in her arms.
– Sorry. I left you alone… Ah, when did you knock him down!? What's that cool dragon!?
She ignored that nonsense,
– Moroha is in danger. You go. Call Maya-san for the location and details.
She really wanted to go, but since she was unable to use *Godlike Movement*, it couldn't be helped.
With an overwhelming sorrow, she had no choice but to leave this matter with Satsuki.
– B-but what are you going to do!? That old man still remains, you know?
Satsuki objected while alternately seeing Blaise who lay down and the face of Shizuno.

– If it’s a one-on-one, then I’m not going to lose, am I?
– Th-that opponent is very skillful, isn’t he?
– Who do you think I am?
Shizuno told the unreasonable Satsuki with a voice that even included anger.
She was the only woman who was allowed to stand next to the worst Demon King who was feared as the enemy of the world.
Satsuki didn’t know her circumstances, but nodded as if she was overawed.
– You don’t seem to get the situation, but **that Moroha** is in danger, you know? I’m saying that you rushing there is the safest choice, nothing else. Are you actually taking that into account?
– T-that’s what it seems you’re trying to say.
– You want to stand next to Moroha, don’t you? If so――be more dependable.
Moroha had two sides to stand next to: left and right.
One of those would never be given to anyone, but the other one could be trusted to Satsuki.
– I… I’ll do my best! Thank you, Urushibara! Thank you very much!
When Shizuno was entrusted with Haruka, Satsuki rushed out in high spirits.
– You two, be absolutely safe!
She looked back one last time.
She herself was in danger, and yet, she even left her noisy words with her.
After Shizuno followed her with her eyes until she was gone, saying nothing,
– It really helped me that you have waited. And for letting her go without saying anything. I think you can take this as my thanks, more or less?
She said to the invisible enemy as she lay down Haruka on the floor.
Accompanied by her ice dragon, she put herself on guard to start a Dark Arts battle at any time.
– Don’t mention it. I may look like this, but I’m a knight and it’s my rule to be kind to women.
Dario, who was hiding behind the food shelves, turned up, leading countless Gas Golems.
– But, are you really being serious? Do you think you can beat me in alone?
– Who knows? To be honest, I don’t have that much confidence in myself. I went through a bitter experience once before.
She prayed that this man wasn’t a monster like Leshya.
– But is there something that can be done? A dear person told me he entrusted this place to me. And that dear person is caught in a dilemma. Both of us had no choice but to take that.
– You are risking your life for the man you fell in love? Ojou-chan, you are an incredibly good woman, you know?
The dandy winked while applying perfume on himself.
– If we had met sooner, would I have had a chance?
– No chance at all.

Shizuno rejected him flatly.
– Because, even before I was born, he was the person I set my heart on.
For that man, she would challenge one of the best French magicians to a battle.
Shizuno, who was told she was risking her life, **smiled** graciously.

Isurugi Jin tried to stand up with all his strength while tasting the asphalt ground.
However, even now, his body wasn't doing as it was told.
It wouldn't move, it twitched while still lying down. His body was heavy. He stared fixedly at the front with just eye movements.
Zlatan, who looked like a demon in helm and armor, was running to finish him off.
Judged from the sense of time and dynamic vision of a *Shirogane*, it was a heavy and slow charge as if a fly came to a stop.
But a rumbling in the ground occurred with every step, shaking the whole body of Isurugi who went down on his hands and knees, pressing his sense of impatience.
If he weren't to stand up fast, he would be done for.
If he weren't to stand up fast, he wouldn't be able to go and help everyone.
Together with that, the fate of his companions weighed heavily on both shoulders of Isurugi.
He clenched his teeth one more time as blood overflowed from his mouth.
With his head running out of blood——Isurugi suddenly realized.
He looked at his right shoulder just with an eye movement.
And looked at his left shoulder.
Then, in his consciousness, he threw and cleared away what was weighing on them.
His body became a bit lighter.
(I'm sorry, everyone. But, these are my honest feelings)
He lifted up his scrawny cheeks.
The face of the captain of *Strikers* fell away, revealing the true nature of Isurugi who resembled a wild beast.
He noticed.
This had nothing to do with fighting to help his companions.
So, his companions, he drove them away from his head for a moment.
He stared forward, with eye movements only.
Beyond the muscular male opponent——far, far away.
He gazed at the back of Haimura Moroha, the illusion created by Isurugi's head, seen there.

(Yeah, there. I want to go there)
He firmly gripped the ground with both arms.
Filled with strength for the first time, he slowly raised his still heavy body.
Only his upper body rose.
– Wow! You received my blow but you still stand! That's impressive!
He heard a noise.
Actually, it was a nuisance. That giant body.
It obstructed him, it didn't let him see the back of Moroha.
There was just only one way to chase Moroha's back, avoiding that hindrance.
Recently, instead of polishing just 5 Star Techniques such as *Jupiter* and *Mars*, the practice of *Godlike Movement* became interesting.
It was one of its seven derived works——but out of the three times he used *that*, only once was a success.
(One in three? That's not something that can be simply used in combat, is it?)
If he failed, certain death would be waiting for him.
(But, that's enough)
Those were his honest feelings now.
Light, light.
My life is somewhat light.*
*TN: This sentence is constructed like this: The life of such an ordinary man is light somehow.
Why was that when he tried to reach that monster, he squeezed the whole dice at every fighting scene but didn't have the resolution to turn away and throw it?*
*TN: monster is the furigana reading for Moroha.
When he took that decision, his body became even lighter.
Isurugi slowly raised his right knee.
From there, he picked up his sword with his right hand, stored it to the side and prepared for the art of sword drawing.
– Wow! You're coming at me? Bring it on, let's clash head-on this time!
He heard a noise again.
Isurugi talked to himself.
– Let's go. To kill God who gave birth to me with such incompetence.
And, he ran.
No——he disappeared.
The 190cm tall figure disappeared suddenly.
He stood far beyond the opposite side of Zlatan.
An unnatural movement as if cutting off and connecting frames of a movie.
The walking method Shukuchi was also called a secret.
*Ancestral Arts' Light Technique Hagun.*
– What did you do?
Zlatan said, looking puzzled.

He understood that the act just now that felt like teleportation was amazing, but Isurugi, who was before him, just teleported behind him, so how did he do it? He was curious.
– *Hagun* is just seen as a phenomenon, like a teleportation, and not an actual leap in space. I can't go beyond walls, so I just ran horizontally past from behind you at a speed you wouldn't see me.
When Isurugi drew his sword, blood flew all over.
– While I'm at it, I'll kill all those who get in my way.
– I understand you less and less.
Zlatan turned around to Isurugi.
**Only his upper body.**
His side of the torso was cut in half, the upper and lower body were misaligned.
– Huh…? Wh…? Is…?
The pain and hemorrhage came too late.
Zlatan opened his eyes wide.
His giant body collapsed as if sinking.
Isurugi felt a roaring sound and a tremor on his back.

There was no need to learn physics that speed was power.
The faster an object moved, the greater the impact when it hit something.
If that was true?
Since he cut him off, moving at a speed that was invisible to the eye, then how powerful was that? Isurugi transformed magic speed into cutting power by incorporating the art of sword drawing into the way of Shukuchi.
Swift Wind *Jupiter*. Thunderclap *Mars*.
And, Quick *Hagun*.
*TN: Please notice that all the adjectives for the abilities mentioned above include the Kanji "Jin" which is Jin's given name.
Although it was incomplete, this was the third trump card of Isurugi Jin.

– I give up. It is my defeat.
Zlatan took off the Golem he had put on and lay down on the asphalt, in a dai (□) shape.
He connected his side that was torn off with *Healing the Scars*.
– I don't mind losing. The strongest and the strongest collided head-on, it was a match worthy of being called magnificent. Allow me to thank you.
Isurugi replied as he turned his back on the praise of the first knight of□Les Éléments□.
– Sorry. I don't care.
He walked away, without ever looking back.
He made something ridiculous: he cut off the Golem with an extreme hardness at a speed beyond perception, and yet, he replaced a cane with his pride, his sharp sword that had no cracks.
He could throw an explosive dice here, but he hadn't a single rib safe.

His face came back to being the face of the captain of *Strikers* and made a phone call with his mobile phone.
– Haneda? I'm sorry. I won't be able to head there for the moment. Rely on other reinforcements, please.
He hung up while wishing good luck and safety to his companions.
He dragged his body forward and forward, with his sword as a cane.
– Right… Haimura-kun is far away…

Until merely 30 minutes ago, this wasn't hell at all.
Rather, they were in the opposite side, in front of God, everyone was having fun and making noises….
But now, the inside of the chapel had turned into a disastrous scene that could only be called hell.
His companions just lay down, forming heaps of corpses everywhere, there was no place not being wet with fresh blood.
Taketsuru couldn't afford to check whether they were alive or dead.
Right in front of him, there was a repulsive and strange appearance as if it had crawled out of the marsh of the realm of the dead.
A *Slime Golem* created by a high-ranked knight of「Les Éléments」.
*TN: Slime Golem is the furigana reading for "life that is not in this world".
Behind it ——its master, another Rank-A *Kuroma*, was encamping at the entrance.
Compared with her, his fighting power was terrible.
Only two people remained.
Taketsuru, dripping with sweat, kept attacking crudely, dealing with and dodging the attacks of the Golem with a technique he put on his body, he was still standing somehow.
This didn't mean that the chances to win would be there just by being alive.
Moroha couldn't come. Émilienne said so.
*TN: Émilienne is the furigana reading for soaked woman.
Isurugi couldn't come. Haneda contacted him before he collapsed.
Despair.
– What are you doing, Uisuke!?
Taketsuru came to his senses with the sharp scolding voice of Manako.
He succumbed to despair as if his heart was painted over with it, he was dumbfounded for a moment.
The Golem wouldn't overlook that chance.
It reacted in an instant and stretched out its liquid tentacles with a bug-like cold killing intent.

It twisted the tip of the tentacles, turned them sharp like a spear and aimed at the abdomen of Taketsuru.
He couldn’t afford to prevent it anymore.
– Don’t give up, you baka!
The sharp scold of Manako came flying.
Together with her fist.
Taketsuru was knocked down, the tentacle spears missed the mark.
Instead, they pierced Manako’s abdomen.
Manako, an expert of *Clairvoyance,* and who secretly told Taketsuru she could see the movements of Moroha and Haruka in slow motion, and who was completely unhurt until just now, tragically sprayed blood.
– I’m not going to give up…
Manako wasn’t going to fall down even while shedding blood from the corners of her mouth.
Since they returned to liquid, she cleared away the tip of the tentacles and kept squaring off against the Slime Golem while healing her pierced abdomen with *Naikatsutsuu.*
The Golem turned countless tentacles into spears and stretched them out, but she cleared them away altogether.
Taketsuru finally recovered from the shock of the punch, raised only his upper body and looked at the brave figure of Manako.
– You’re a *Savior,* aren’t you?
Manako’s knees were falling and losing strength.
Her abdomen that got pierced was showing effect.
– While I’m not going to wait to be saved, it will be a lie unless you save me!
Manako straightened her knees with determination, and recovered her posture.
But she reacted a little too late to deal with the tentacles and one of the countless ones pierced her right thigh.
Without being able to stand, she sat down on the floor right where she was, making a sound as she hit the floor.
– Mana-chan!
Other three tentacles pierced Manako in front of Taketsuru who stretched his hand, jumping up.
Taketsuru desperately caught the upper body of Manako who slowly fell down in front of him and embraced her in his arms.
– Mana-chan!
– Don’t let out a pitiable voice like that. You’re a *Savior*, aren’t you?
Her proud eyes had become blank, she already saw nothing.
– Stand up fast, defeat those two and save everyone.
– I’m not like Haimura… so don’t say that….
– I truly like that about him. He’s so cool.
– Don’t praise… other guys… in front of your boyfriend…
– But, you know——
Manako said with a voice as if squeezing it out to the end.

*I want Uisuke to save me——*

She certainly said so and closed her eyes.
She just used up all her strength and lost consciousness.
She wasn't dead yet. The brilliance of her *prana* was still there, her body was still warm.
*Saviors* didn't seem to die so easily.
But, if she were to be attacked again, one more time, she would certainly die.
Taketsuru raised his heavy chin and faced forward.
The Golem, for some reason, was in a globe shape, in a state of rest.
Beyond that, Émilienne was crying.
– Wh-whyyyyy. Why is this so touchiiiiing? I'm already, already moved to teeears. I am sorry, my lacrimal glands are looooose.
Taketsuru absolutely came to understand this woman.
– But you killed us, didn't you?
– I'm sorry for being a terrible woman, I am sorryyyy. But I'll give you tiiime, so please continue your final fareweeeell.
However, he was not going to follow Émilienne's recommendation.
Taketsuru looked at Manako's face in his arms.
He caressed her cheeks that were losing life slowly.
– Sorry.

He muttered a single word.
– Yeeees? I am sorryyyyy, did you say somethiiing?
Émilienne seemed to be apologetic, but he didn't talk to her.

– Sorry.

He muttered once again, enduring the tears.
– Why are you apologiziiing? More importantlyyy, I think your girlfriend will be more pleased with words of looove. I am sorry for the impertinent remaaaark.
– Sorry, Mana-chan. I'm not a *Savior*.
He knew she didn't hear him anymore,
And while being self-conscious of his cowardice,
Taketsuru whispered.
– I was a filthy assassin in the past. I had no courage to disobey scary guys, I killed as much I was told, I got my reward and drank alcohol with it. I was a piece of trash, forgetting my dissatisfaction was my only pleasure.
It was said that there were many other previous-life holders like Taketsuru.
But nobody would say that. That was secretly decided in advance.

And, it was said that all the “violent criminals” disliked so much the memories of their previous lives showed off in their dreams that they suppressed them to not show them unconsciously.
Taketsuru was like that.
– Someone like me, being a *Savior*, how ridiculous. It makes me laugh.
He tried to laugh, but his dried and hoarse voice didn’t come out well.
– But I could reincarnate. In a true sense, I wanted to be born again.
So, he did a tremendous effort while dripping with sweat.
– It’s wonderful to be strong to save someone. It’s wonderful to not kill people anymore.
What kind of difficult efforts was he able to put up with?
He imposed himself to live seriously.
He continued averting his gaze from his true self.
– I also was a guy who wanted to be like Haimura.
*I affirm that I’m not a「Savior」, and yet, I save more people than anyone.*
– But that’s impossible. I can’t be a *Savior*. I can only be a filthy assassin. At last, I could take a decision. I’m sorry it took so long. I’m sorry for betraying Mana-chan’s expectations.
Sorry. Sorry. Sorry.

Without being able to endure the tears that welled up anymore, Taketsuru apologized while shedding a sea of tears.
He turned around one more time while apologizing.
– I feel sorry for you.
– Come agaaain? For me too, you sayyyy? I am sorryyy, but I don’t get the meaning of thaaaat.
– You’ll die. If you don’t, Mana-chan will die. Sorry.
– Ummmmm. I really can’t understand the meaning of thaaat. I am sorry for being impoliiiite, but how are you going to kill meeee? The difference in strength is evideeeent. Even now, the brilliance of your *prana* is getting weaker and weaker, riiiight?
– That’s right. Right now, my *prana* is watering down and spreading in this whole area.
– Hmmmmmm. You’re clever, aren’t youuuu? But, what’s with iiit?
Émilienne, who tilted her head to the side——suddenly began to vomit blood out in that same posture.
– Whaaaat…?
Fresh blood overflowed from her mouth while being overcome with surprise, she the ground with splashes.
**– I’ve transformed my *prana* into a thread which you have fully inhaled into your lungs**. It can cut and it’s stronger than a piano wire. That’s my *Mars*. The form of my soul.
– **Gurgling* *Gurgling* *Gurgling* *Gurgling* *Gurgling*——*
Émilienne crouched where she was and scratched off her chest, lying on her back, without enduring it, writhing in pain.

– It hurts, right? Sorry. Dark Arts healing can't heal internal organs right away. Sorry. So, die fast to be at peace. Sorry. I'm sorry for using such a terrible technique. But there was no other way. Sorry. I'm weak, you see. And you're way too strong. I can't go easy on you. Sorry…
The only thing that Taketsuru could do was to apologize.
His eyes and Émilienne's eyes seen through the openings of her long hair met.
Her eyes were appealing.
"I apologize, so please, save my life only"
She wasn't being insincere, she literally apologized with utmost effort.
In response to that, Taketsuru——
– You're too scary. I'm a coward. I don't have the courage to stop here. Sorry.
He refused as he apologized.
– I'm truly… sorry.
The eyes of Émilienne were dyed with fear, as if she had seen something horrible.
Immediately after, he swiftly turned around, his eyes widened.
– Eh…?
– Stop there, Taketsuru-kun. And I apologize for being late.
He kept looking at Émilienne this whole time, and yet.
He contemplated the killer for the first time, trying to burn her into his memory, and yet.
In what moment did he stand there?
– The teachers will take care of this, so cancel your *Mars* please.
Tanaka Tarou, a First Year Class Teacher at Akane Academy, put his hands on Émilienne's chest and made her swoon with *Saturn*.
– You did it nicely. Tough you certainly had it difficult. You were brave indeed. It's alright, everyone was saved, so don't brace yourself that much.
Taketsuru nodded many times with a confused-looking face and returned the steel thread that turned Émilienne's lungs into shreds back to just *prana*.
The thread of tension was also cut and dropped his cheek on Manako's head held in his arms.
– You surprised me. I thought quite back then that we were of a similar type, but you were really **in the same side as me**.
Naturally, he failed to hear Tanaka's whisper…
He brought his cheek near Manako's head and felt relieved that she could survive at least.
– Ensure safety! Teachers, we rely on you!
Other teachers rushed into the chapel with Tanaka's signal, it became busy all of a sudden.
– Oh my! There's a Golem of Cradle of The Sun and it's waiting orders!
– Hmmm, quite the unique sample. Unlike normal ones, the rumor saying that it won't protect its master without orders was true.

– It doesn’t have an auto defense function, though it can be used for attack and exploration…
– I hope it’s worth the research.
– Teachers! The treatment of students goes before research!
– I-I-I apologize for that, school principal.
Even the school principal herself came to do healing while leading the group.
Tanaka, who was a *Shirogane*, had no healing abilities, so he watched the surroundings.
Taketsuru addressed Tanaka.
– Sensei…. I, was about to kill, a person…
He confessed while hugging Manako closely as if clinging to her.
Tanaka said nothing for a moment.
He took off his unfashionable black rimmed glasses and cleaned them with a handkerchief.
While doing so,
– Taketsuru-kun wanted to kill her for his own benefit and pleasure?
– No… That’s…
– You did the best you could to save Souya-san. At least, with that thought and will, nobody can criticize you. I assure you.
Tanaka was a middle-aged teacher who was like a company employee with no mien and with his hair parted on one side.
Despite that, Taketsuru had fallen into an illusion in which he was having a conversation with a battle-experienced veteran now.
– I think so. The righteousness of a *Savior* is no more than a thought. This isn’t a manga, there are no absolute good escape routes. Keep wondering to yourself your own righteousness. That’s also a study that should be learned at Akane.
Tanaka put on his unfashionable glasses.
He squatted to match Taketsuru’s gaze.
– You can do it. Your teacher believes in you.
No matter how one looked at him, he only looked like an ordinary teacher.
But the hand on his shoulder was warm.
He felt he was saved.

There was someone glaring at the teachers as they rushed into the church and aided the students like he regretted it bitterly.
A man with drooping eyes and a face that was the very picture of arrogance.
– Your face is the only joke here, Émilienne! You have the nerve to be defeated by these brats!?

He looked down from the rooftop of an apartment building, clicking his tongue many times.
Charon Menes, a high-ranked knight of「Les Éléments」.
Originally, the plan was to attack the church together with Émilienne.
However, when working out how to do it, their opinions diverged.
Charon's opinion was,
– We mercilessly launch a surprise attack, while the damn brats are confused, we challenge them with all that we have and massacre them one-sidedly while showing off the difference in power and status.
That was a very natural thing.
Émilienne's opinion was,
– I'm not going to do a childish thing of that leveeel. I think that just making them experience great fear even if it doesn't take their lives is enoooough. But it can't be helped if I ended up killing them for using too much fooorce.
That was a half-hearted thing.
Since Émilienne didn't yield to his opinion because she was a stupid obstinate person, Charon wasn't going to give up or bet the noble blood flowing inside him.
Yes, Charon was a magician with a conservative ideology, he admired and served Charles who had a more precious blood and strength than him, however, he had never thought of Émilienne and the others as his colleagues.
He just feigned they were companions, controlling himself in front of Charles.
– Be glad that you followed me, who has lineage, social status, abilities, everything!
Charon spat towards the church while cursing.
Now, he made a「Golem」stand by above him.
A Phantom Golem made with evil spirits and ghosts as catalysts.
Blending the mysterious presences of the land, the golem was now ready to show all its power.
Its ability was guaranteed in proportion to the time it took to make use of it.
It was different from the ditchwater that Émilienne manipulated.
The jet-black evil man who kneaded and hardened every conceivable malice and hatred into a human form eagerly waited for the moment he could release his killing intent as much as he wanted.
– Do you get it? I'll annihilate those guy over there. Waiting for that immigrant kid to be with Charles-sama is unbearable. This is a good opportunity, so I'll murder you together with these brats.
*Charles may be sad for a moment for losing a close aide, but he should forget about you soon.*
Charon, who arbitrarily decided so, lifted the corners of his mouth and raised his right hand.

If he swung it downward, his loyal「Golem」would storm the church, scatter death and destruction and completely kill those who were inside.
The brats, who thought they had gone from hell to heaven, barely escaping alive, would be thrown into hell one more time. He enjoyed it so much just by imagining it.
*Here it goes*, Charon brought his right hand down and――
– Hello? Can you hear me, Shimon Maya? I kept you waiting. I've finally found the fifth person.
The voice that he heard all of a sudden from behind surprised and stiffened him.
– Wha「t i」si「t?
He turned around, raising his drooped eyebrows watered down by a cheerful mood.
A girl who wore the uniform of Akane Academy and with a sword in hand came towards him with her mobile phone held on her hear.
(A brat of my level! She crept, erasing all her presence. She did surprise me!)
He grimaced with hatred, but the girl saw that,
– I remember his characterless face. His name, if I remember correctly, was Charon. He's definitely a high-ranked knight and a close aide of PSG.
She reported to the other person on the phone with a machine-like tone of voice.
Charon's temple trembled short and repeatedly.
– Hey… brat? Are you aware… of what you're doing… right now? Huh? How much have you been following me, the *Raam Deux* of the splendid「Cradle of the Sun」!? Even if I kill you and violate you 100 times like a toy, my demonic Golem will still have something to offer, do you get that, how insulting that is? Hey?
*TN: Raam deux is the furigana reading for Spirit = 2.
Charon opened his eyes wide and threatened her.
He decided.
As for this brat, he decided he would tease her to make her regret her insulting words and kill her after making her cry and shout.
He decided to not forgive her, even if she begged forgiveness, going down on her hands and knees.
– Here I go!
Charon swung downward the hand in the air towards the **silver-haired** girl.
– Tell me how it feels to have even your myelencephalon violated to exhaustion by my cute evil spirits!
He soothed and humored his insulted anger with a sadistic excitement and laughed loudly, drooling saliva.
*This brat didn't know what kind of torment would suffer now.*
The girl said with an emotionless voice while putting away the mobile phone.
– Cute evil spirits? Where are they?

– Huh…?
Charon couldn’t understand what he was told.
They’re there! Look u——nope. Actually, there was no Golem there.
It had completely disappeared.
– Huuuuuuh!? The joke is in your face!?
Charon was confused, he cursed to no one in particular and glared at the girl.
– Damn you!? What type of poor and boring trick did you use?
When he looked at the sword of the girl very closely.
That sword, which had a really suggestive and sinister shape.
It was appropriate to call that aura as cursed sword.
– I’m sorry. That was a joke. My sword ate your cute evil spirits.
The girl quickly admitted her choice.
While combining it with an inexperienced and quite terrible joke.
– By the way, are you aware of what you’re doing right now? I fully enjoy my school life. I now love Akane Academy. Those who mess with it——are all my enemies.
The girl sharpened her gaze like a blade and slowly readied the cursed sword.
– S-shuuuut uuuuup! Silence! The only joke here is your face! Don’t get carried away because you neutralized the Golem! Eat my Dark Arts, throw out your internal organs and diiiieeee!
Charon turned his face deep red and began a spelling.
– You don’t know your enemy and you don’t know yourself, do you? What does a young bird chirp when it doesn’t discern or learn what a battlefield is? It chirps that it doesn’t know the place it will be hunted. That’s certainly the best joke there is.
Even though he witnessed the huge amount of *mana* the girl had, the girl paid no mind at all.

There weren’t many people in the world, like the *Saviors*, who could defeat “Man-eater”.

# Chapter 8: Eternally devoted to you

The fired Flame and Ice Dark Arts of Charles covered the sky, becoming a storm.
It rained incessantly on the rooftop Moroha was standing on like a constant bombing.
What he heard from somewhere was the shout of Maya. Moroha, as he listened to her all the way across,
– Everyone is dead Die and return to skull Begin the ceremony of cremation now!
He completed the spelling with his left hand, chanting as if roaring.
And not poking the end mark lightly but striking it with his right hand.
The third rank of flames, *Incinerate*, remained in his right hand, then swung his blazing fist all the way up overhead.
A gust of wind broke out from the impact, soaring to the sky while mixing the glimmer of *prana* and the brilliance of flames.
*Ancestral Arts* Dark Arts *Yin Yang,* a combination of the Light Technique *Jupiter* and the Dark Art *Incinerate*.
Compared to officially pouring and releasing *prana* with a sword, *Jupiter* released from a fist had an unsatisfactory mana convergence, the power ended up scattering. He compensated for the loss of it with *Incinerate*.
That ad lib of Moroha worked perfectly!
He countered the incessantly falling Dark Art bombing by clashing directly with it and opened a hole similar to a rift between clouds in the storm of flames and ice that practically covered the sky.
Charles's figure, who was hiding behind the storm, was exposed, he could see his surly face.
– Flutter, flutter as they should, wings of the great bird, release me from the oppression of gravity immediately as if I were fleeting and light as sparks!
Without a moment's delay, he spelled a one-line phrase.
*Ancestral Arts Yin Yang* was a combination of the Light Technique *Godlike Movement* and the Dark Art *Decrease Weight*.
After he passed through the air hole and crashed Charles sitting on the blue sky throne, Moroha jumped in a straight line.

– Fool. That won’t do.
Charles flew horizontally and avoided the vertical charge of Moroha.
If even his reflexes as a *Kuroma* were this far, then he had the time to see and dodge him.
Unless Moroha could change his trajectory on the way, it would be impossible for him to just fly as is without wings.
——But it was naïve to think that.
– That shapeless blade That invisible inscribed sword Go, the one that severs!
*1st Rank Fracturing Gust.*
Rather than violently throwing the blade gust against Charles——he released it in the opposite direction as a propulsive power, forcibly twisting the vertical trajectory into a horizontal trajectory. He kept charging, aiming at Charles.
– You impudent.
Charles’s fingers quivered.
That was a sign of hesitation. His inner thoughts could be perfectly read by Moroha.
If he were to turn *Fracturing Gust* towards Charles, then Charles would also be able to cancel both Dark Arts just like he did by striking it. But the one who came flying was Moroha. Moroha, the person in question, could protect himself with *Taimatsuu* and *Ward*. So, could he stop him even if he crashed an instant and inferior Dark Arts into him?
He hesitated, and as a result——Charles chose to evade once again.
However, that momentary hesitation gave Moroha the chance to attack.
Moroha put his right hand like a hook and tried to grab Charles by the collar with *Destructive Fist.*
Escaping by a hair’s breadth, Charles’s chest was cut open, a five-line scar was carved into him.
It was there that Moroha fell, caught by gravity, but he clung onto the fence on a nearby building again with the chains of *Bind* and landed on it, pulling in the chain.
If he were compared to Charles, who could fly with complete mastery, this would be a very unsightly air battle. But why did that happen?
– What an insistent guy. You have no sword, there’s no chance for you to win. Are you so stupid that you don’t get it, seventh person?
– Certainly, you broke my sword. But my heart hasn’t broken yet!
He blew away Charles’s scorn, sending forth a strong spirit.
On the contrary,
– Don’t try to put on a brave face. Your spelling speed has been falling down since a while ago, isn’t it?
– Tch…
Charles had a sour-looking face.
What he said hit the mark.

Yes, although Moroha had lost his sword and compensated for it with *Yin Yang*, he managed to keep in pace with him and bite at him because the pressure of Charles's Dark Arts was gradually going down.
The reason: fatigue.
It was difficult to keep ten fingers moving all the time at full speed and with absolute precision.
Actually, like an elegant looking pianist fighting against a tremendous physical fatigue.
It was impossible for Charles to not be fatigued.
Charles wasn't a *Shirogane*, so he couldn't use *Naikatsutsuu*, and that was his weakness.
– I shall admit. It's as you say.
Charles showed the form of his real pride as he grinded his teeth in an extreme form.
– So what? If I stop you here, it's my win. You have to go and save your companions. I can slowly take a rest here where your attacks won't reach me satisfactorily, you know?
– You didn't hear that, did you? That's also one of *Kuromas'* disadvantages.
Moroha pointed to the far bottom of a nearby building.
The obedient Maya, who had evacuated to a safe place without being told anything so as to not become a burden to him, was shouting loudly to where he was.
At this altitude and distance.
Normally, Maya's voice wouldn't reach him.
But it reached Moroha's ears which were always with *Divine Hearing*.
– Shizuno-onee-san has contacted me desu! The last high knight has been beaten desu!
She kept in contact with their companions via mobile phone, sending out precise instructions as a relay and shouting the outcome results to Moroha one by one.
– Satsuki-onee-san is about to arrive nanodesu! Resist for a bit longer nanodesu, Moroha!
Was there a man who wouldn't be cheered up by that hoarse encouragement?
Everyone was giving their all while Moroha was in this mortal combat——then breaking their hearts——and his own——would be a mistake, right?
– Ni□□□□□□sa□□□ma□□□!
And Satsuki's voice reached his ears.
She jumped from building to building with *Godlike Movement* and came around while waving her hanging ID Tag.
– All of your comrades were restrained by us.
– Nonsense. Why don't you tell me a more credible bluff?
– Try checking anyone through your mobile phone and see if it's a bluff or not. I'm not going to reach you. Take your time.

– Muh…
Charles was a bit perturbed, his face still looking displeasured.
– Sheath your swords, Charles. It’s your defeat. There’s no point in fighting anymore.
Moroha thrust reality at him, waving his hand as if moving it swiftly.
Their gazes collided.
The one who glared down at him from the heavens was Charles.
And the one who looked up was Moroha.
However, Charles’s gaze was pressed as if their positions had suddenly changed.
– Shut up. Shut up. Shut up. Shut up…
Charles closed his eyes and moved his neck to the left and right as if shaking off Moroha’s fire-like eyes.
When he carefully observed, his eyes were no longer looking at Moroha.
He fixated on Satsuki who came considerably close to him with a cruel look in his eyes.
– Not yet. If I put you out of the way and bring that girl back home, it will still be my victory!
Those words.
That cowardice.
Moroha, who listened him, lost his cool.
He could no longer be in Natural Stance.
– You… you… still don’t know when to give up, huh!?!?
He bared his fangs and yelled, facing Charles.
– Shut up! Who cares about when it’s time to give up!? I came leaving all outward appearance in France!
– Everything for the sake of Flavie-san!?
– Yes, that’s right. If it’s to get Flavie back, then I can do anything!
– You big damn idiot!
Due to the very loud scolding of Moroha, Charles faltered and held his tongue suddenly.
– If that person is so important, then what are you doing here now!?
He recalled all the circumstances disclosed by Chloe.
He was frustrated, irritated and couldn’t bear it anymore.
He thought of saying these things to the person themselves directly.
– What have you been doing in the last five years!? You haven’t confirmed that she’s dead with your own eyes, have you? Don’t give up, even if the possibilities of her being alive are of 1%. Track her down without leaving stone unturned. That’s what□do anything□means, right? **Don’t cling to prophecies or whatever**!
Each time Moroha shouted, Charles grimaced like he was really punched.
– You’re just scared! You’re scared of looking for her and really seeing her corpse. I’m right, aren’t I? You’re looking away from reality and relying on prophecies and uncertain things! Hanging onto them! I escape from reality with all that I have because I try my best as you can see——but you’re that

troublesome. Come on, don’t stick to that stupid way of thinking if you’re going to make things worse!
At that moment, Satsuki finally arrived to his side.
Satsuki attempted to say something with a smile on her whole face, but Moroha pulled her hand before she could do so, then held her waist and embraced her forcibly.
– If I were you, I’d never give up! I wouldn’t easily admit that the woman I’m in love with is dead! No matter how far she went or how separated we are, I’d always run after her and get her back! If someone gets in the way, I’d beat them to death, even if it’s God himself! Whether I have to run after her for millions of years or hundreds of millions of years, I’d absolutely, absolutely do so!
Satsuki, who was strongly embraced in his arms, blushed with tears in her eyes,
– This is awkward, Moroha…
She turned, looking happy.
Moroha pointed to the sky with his free right hand,
– No matter how many distinguished nicknames you have, you goddamn idiot are just a coward!
He criticized him together with a loud cry.
– Shut up… shut up… shut up… shut up….
Charles clenched his teeth.
He chewed up and chewed up sour-tasting bugs and made his complexion turn dark.
His ten fingers wriggled again and put ancient magic characters into written form that one wouldn’t care to count.
Because he rested for a while?
Because he was going to squeeze out one last desperate effort?
Did he go over his limits due to anger?
The multiplication rate of the traces of light completely returned to normal.
Hellfire and blizzard spread out in the sky like dark clouds.
The troublesome, obstinate person painted over the sky with the stubbornness of an obstinate person.
– Moroha… here.
Satsuki, who was in his arms, gentle held out her ID Tag.
Moroha received the article she came to deliver as he stared at the heavens.
A light piece of metal she showered with her *prana* without fail every day.
He grasped it in his right hand and traced the name of Satsuki engraved on the surface with his thumb.
In the depths of Moroha’s head, something like a wall was tore off, giving off sparks intermittently.
He grasped tightly the ID Tag and poured all the *prana* he had into it.
At that moment——a flash of light burst in his hand.
In the light where his field of vision almost whitened out, Moroha saw a scene of the olden days as if daydreaming.

The Cathedral of the Sword.
The ceremony of succession.
The decrepit and ugly King said the ceremonial scriptures, looking reluctant.
– You, protector. Do you swear to carry it and wield it in sickness, in health, in happiness and in sorrow and to keep fighting for the rest of your life?
Flaga bowed his head in assent from the bottom of his heart. *
*TN: During all this sequence, Flaga is the furigana reading for Moroha.
– Yes, I swear.
The decrepit and ugly King looked to the side this time.
Flaga also stared at that person.
The figure of his beloved little sister holding the heavy sword and sheath stared back at him.
The King recited the usual scriptures.
– You, Young girl. Do you swear to support, comfort, honor, love and be in company of the protector in sickness, in health, in happiness, and in sorrow and to keep serving him for the rest of your life?
Sarasha briefly nodded her head in assent.
– Yes. I swear.
With determination, she lifted up the sword, showing a somewhat sad smile on her face.
The King recited a scripture to conclude the ceremony.
– This sword, protector and young girl have become the Trinity. Until death you do part――
– That can wait.
Flaga disrupted the stereotype of the ceremony and forced his way through into the scriptures.
The King got confused and the cathedral became noisy thanks to his cursed deed.
Flaga declared, without being concerned about that.
– I vowed to fight until I die, but I said nothing about saying goodbye if I die, right?
*Isn't that right?* He looked for Sarasha's consent.
His beloved sister stared in puzzlement for a moment.
But she immediately replied, showing a smile on her whole face this time.
– Yes. With this sword and my soul, I will eternally devote myself to you.

Then the daydream came to an end.
Shaken by a strong conviction, Moroha called. Shouted. This time. The name of his partner.
– Come――Saratigaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.
In the whitened out flash of light, a sword slowly showed its appearance.
A carefully designed and crafted grip.
It fitted in his hands very well.
It advocated that it wasn't a work of art, but an armor to win through mortal combats.
And the mirror-like sword blade.
Exactly like a divine beauty.
Everybody would know how forged and polished this masterpiece was without having to test its sharpness.
The treasured sword――it was appropriate to call the thing itself a treasure already.
The inscription: □□□□□ (Saratiga).
Flaga protected the unparalleled holy sword.
Embracing Satsuki in his left hand and holding Saratiga in his right hand, Moroha looked up at the sky.
The *mana* of Charles, which had taken countless forms, covered the whole sky.
Moroha's *prana*, which was infinite, converged on Saratiga.
All of Charles's *mana* was transformed into destruction called Dark Arts.
All of Moroha's *prana* was filtered through *Saratiga* into *Ars Magna*.
Charles's Dark Arts certainly reached Moroha and Satsuki.
Moroha's Light Technique didn't reach Charles.
That absolute wall called□distance□standing between them.
But Moroha paid no heed.
He made the sparks in his head get even more angry and impatient and converted them into *power*.
He transformed *Ars Magna*, honed by Saratiga, into something even more different.
It turned the whitest, most stable and harshest brilliance of this three-dimensional universe into the shape of Moroha's soul.
*Ancestral Arts Light Technique, Mars.*
The shape of Moroha's soul was to sever.
The power to sever everything, to eradicate crime, to sever even the world.
It didn't embody the blade like AJ did, rather, this was the concept itself of□severing□and□cutting□.
If there was something preventing Moroha from getting to Charles――
Then he just had to cut apart the concept called□distance□!

– Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooh!
A war cry that shook the heavens surged from Moroha's throat.

He brandished the sword housing *Ars Magna* while watching over Satsuki in his arm. *
*TN: In this case in particular, Ars Magna is the furigana reading for true prana.
And cut at Charles, who reigned on the heavenly throne, with all of his strength!
A line ran.
A straight line to Charles. In an instantaneous event.
The whole creation that composed this world.
Moroha's soul chopped off Charles's right arm.*
*TN: Soul is the furigana reading for Mars.

– Gu… aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah…
Charles's scream echoed.
Bright red blood scattered from the base of the cut right elbow.
His concentration was disturbed by the pain, all the Dark Arts that covered up the sky were fired to the wrong directions, diffusing and disappearing without moving.
– Guh… uuuuh… uuuuuuh….
Charles had a demon-like look, he tried to bear and chew up the pain.
He tried to redo the spelling one more time with his still safe left hand.
He understood that because his eyes were turned upward.
He tried to continue fighting, stimulated by an already logical, certain and deep-rooted stubbornness.
How bothersome, words wouldn't get through him until the end.
The outcome was decided. However, to stop him——he had to snatch his other arm?
He heard a voice from somewhere as he hesitated.
– Please stop, Charles-sama!
It was Chloe.
She appeared on the rooftop from a nearby building.
Maybe she saw the strange phenomenon that covered up the sky and quickly came running from the park.
She ran, stretched her arms as much as she could, faced the sky and caught the falling right arm of Charles, holding it in her arms as if it were a treasure.
– It is as Haimura-kun says! We should not believe in prophecies! We are weak… and cowards… we just couldn't take a straight look at reality, that we lost Flavie. Ever since **that night**!
– Shut up… shut up… shut uuup.
Chloe appealed to her master in tears.
Charles continued denying it, repeating the same lines like a curse.
Chloe didn't back down.
– You were never a strong person! You were no different from me! I am sorry for not being able to notice it. I am sorry that we were unable to suffer

together and that you were alone. I imagined that you, Paris Saint-Germain, the strongest magician in the world, and an S-Rank *Savior,* were naturally strong and naturally different from us! If Haimura-kun had not come to notice it, it would have been too late to do something!
– Shut up…… shut up……
– Stop, please…. Throw the prophecy away…. Stop this useless dispute…. Will you go with me… to find Flavie? This time, I will accompany you to the end of the world…
– …… Shut …… up……
– It is alright, you do not have to take it upon yourself alone anymore. … No, I will not let you take it upon yourself!
Without hiding her tears, her voice now hoarse, the appeal for Flavie felt as if laying bare her whole heart.*
*TN: I have my doubts here: I think it shouldn't be "appeal for Flavie" but "the complaint of Chloe" because the wording in Japanese makes no sense for me.
The shout.
Her words, which seemed to carry her body and soul, finally stole the voice from Charles.
– Ku…….h.
Charles stopped using Dark Arts, clutched the opening of the wound and groaned a single word.
This was, the end.
The wounded Charles slowly descended to where Chloe was.
Chloe received Charles with her right hand extended as she held the arm of her master in her left hand.
Charles endured the pain and uncomfortableness while still having a surly face.

Chloe had wept her eyes out.
They stared at each other.
It wasn't the relationship between a man and a woman, but between a master and his follower——
The certain bonds they had raised such strong feelings.
Moroha lowered his right hand and quietly made an offering to the point of Saratiga.
Then he remembered that he was hugging Satsuki close with an amazing strength and relaxed.
He turned his gaze from Charles and Chloe to her in his arms.
**And, he opened his eyes wide.**
She was trembling.
Satsuki, that is.
He didn't understand because he was hugging her close with all his strength.

The way Satsuki trembled was unusual, the roots of her teeth didn’t meet and made sounds.
– What’s wrong…?
He examined her expression, she was growing pale.
Satsuki replied, being startled.
– Something… something terrible is… coming…. Moroha.
Exactly at the same time.
A large shadow came flying and obstructed the sunlight for a moment.
Moroha raised his chin as if jumping.
And, he saw it.
– Charles! Above you!
He warned him, raising his voice.
Charles looked up without being stubborn. Was it because he was defeated or because he had to endure the continuous complaints of Chloe?

A strange looking thing **mistaken as a person**——was there.

An extremely repulsive dress as if it were made of snake skin.
The bottom part of the skirt spread loosely. Inside of it, a cluster of snakes as a substitute for legs wriggled.
The arms, which were spread like an affectionate mother does, had a marbled appearance.
There was, no head. It was hollow.
How on earth was that thing floating?
There were no signs of *prana* or *mana* at all.
Instead, they felt like it was full of *Satana*.*
*TN: Satana is the furigana reading for mystical power.
Therefore, there was no doubt.
This thing which had never been seen by Moroha——
No, it hadn’t been discovered yet in the history of observation——
It was a *metaphysical* with a shape similar to that of a person and the same dimensions of a person.
Later on, this one, the first one, would be named by the White Knight Organization as「Arch Fiend」.
*TN: Arch Fiend is the furigana reading for devil-class metaphysical.
Was it vocalizing from somewhere? The headless *metaphysical* roared.
A piercing cry that resembled human speech but possessed no words.

——Help me! It’s dark and cold here!

Despite this, the meaning of the words resounded in Moroha’s mind.
An anguished woman captured in the depths of darkness and her shouts requesting help reached him.
Certainly this was the phenomenon that should be called telepathy.
But the real surprise would arrive later.

Charles muttered as if his soul had come out.
– …… Fla …vie…?

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